15.

THE

TRAGEDIE OF *SOLIMON* AND *PERSEDA*.

Wherein is laide open, Loues constancie, Fortunes inconstancie, and Deaths Triumphs.

AT LONDON
Printed by *Edward Allde*, for Edward White, and are to be solde at the little North doore of Paules Church, at the signe of the Gun.

THE Tragedie of *Soliman* and *Perſeda*.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter Loue, Fortune, Death.

Loue.

WHat, *Death* and *Fortune* croſſe the way of *Loue?*
For. Why, what is *Loue*, but *Fortunes* tenis-ball?
Death. Nay, what are you both, but ſubiects vnto *Death?*
And I commaund you to forbeare this place:
For heere the mouth of ſad *Melpomene*,
Is wholy bent to tragedies diſcourſe:
And what are tragedies but acts of death?
Here meanes the wrathfull muſe in ſeas of teares,
And lowd laments to tell a diſmall tale:
A tale wherein ſhe lately hath beſtowed,
The huskie humor of her bloudy quill,
And now for tables, takes her to her tung.
Loue. Why thinkes *Death*, *Loue* knowes not the hiſtorie,
Of braue *Eraſtus* and his Rodian dame?
Twas I that made their harts conſent to loue,
And therefore come I now as fitteſt perſon,
To ſerue for Chorus to this Tragedie:
Had not I beene, they had not dyed ſo ſoone.
Death. Had I not beene, they had not dyed ſo ſoone.

For. Nay then it ſeemes you both doo miſſe the marke,
Did not I change long loue to ſudden hate?
And then rechange their hatred into loue?
And then from loue deliuer them to death?
Fortune is Chorus, *Loue* and *Death* be gone.
Death. I tell thee *Fortune*, and thee wanton *Loue*,
I will not downe to euerlaſting night,
Till I haue moraliz'd this Tragedie,
Whoſe cheefeſt actor was my ſable dart.
Loue. Nor will I vp into the brightſome ſphere,
From whence I ſprung, till in the chorus place,
I make it knowne to you and to the world,
What intereſt *Loue* hath in Tragedies.
For. Nay then though *Fortune* haue delight in change,
Ile ſtay my flight, and ceaſe to turne my wheele,
Till I haue ſhowne by demonſtration,
What intereſt I haue in a Tragedie:
Tuſh, *Fortune* can doo more then *Loue* or *Death*.
Loue. Why ſtay we then, lets giue the Actors leaue,
And as occaſion ſerues, make our returne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Eraſtus *and* Perſeda.

Eraſt. Why when *Perſeda*, wilt thou not aſſure me?
But ſhall I like a maſtleſſe ſhip at ſea,
Goe euery way, and not the way I would?
My loue hath laſted from mine infancie,
And ſtill increaſed as I grew my ſelfe.
When did *Perſeda* paſtime in the ſtreetes,
But her *Eraſtus* ouer-eyed her ſporte?
When didſt thou with thy ſampler in the Sunne,
Sit ſowing with thy feres, but I was by,
Marking thy lilly hands dexteritie:
Comparing it to twenty gratious things,
When didſt thou ſing a note that I could heare,
But I haue framde a dittie to the tune,
Figuring *Perſeda* twenty kinde of wayes.

Whe

When didſt thou goe to Church on hollydaies,
But I haue waited on thee too and fro:
Marking my times, as Faulcons watch their flight,
When I haue miſt thee how I haue lamented,
As if my thoughts had bene aſſured true.
Thus in my youth, now ſince I grew a man,
I haue perſeuered to let thee know,
The meaning of my true harts conſtancie:
Then be not nice *Perſeda* as women woont
To haſty louers whoſe fancy ſoone is fled:
My loue is of a long continuance,
And merites not a ſtrangers recompence.
Per. Enough *Eraſtus*, thy *Perſeda* knowes,
She whom thou wouldſt haue thine, *Eraſtus* knowes.
Eraſt. Nay my *Perſeda* knowes, and then tis well.
Per. I watch you vantages, thine be it then,
I haue forgot the reſt, but thats the effect:
Which to effect, accept this carkanet,
My Grandame on her death bed gaue it me,
And there, euen there, I vowd vnto my ſelfe,
To keepe the ſame, vntill my wandring eye,
Should finde a harbour for my hart to dwell.
Euen in thy breſt doo I elect my reſt,
Let in my hart to keepe thine company.
Eraſt. And ſweet *Perſeda* accept this ring,
To equall it, receiue my hart to boote,
It is no boote, for that was thine before:
And far more welcome is this change to me,
Then ſunny dayes to naked Sauages,
Or newes of pardon to a wretch condemnd,
That waiteth for the fearefull ſtroke of death,
As carefull will I be to keepe this chaine,
As doth the mother keepe her children,
From water pits, or falling in the fire.
Ouer mine armour will I hang this chaine,
And when long combat makes my body faint,
The ſight of this ſhall ſhew *Perſedas* name,

And ad freſh courage to my fainting lims.
This day the eger Turke of Tripolis,
The knight of Malta, honoured for his worth,
And he thats titled by the golden ſpurre.
The Moore vpon his hot Barbarian horſe,
The fiery Spaniard bearing in his face,
The empreſſe of a noble warriour.
The ſudden Frenchman, and the bigbon'd Dane,
And Engliſh Archers, hardy men at armes,
Eclipped Lyons of the Weſterne worlde;
Each one of theſe approoued combatants,
Aſſembled from ſeuerall corners of the world,
Are hither come to trie their force in armes,
In honour of the Prince of Cypris nuptials.
Amongſt theſe worthies will *Eraſtus* troope,
Though like a Gnat amongſt a hiue of Bees;
Know me by this thy pretious carkanet,
And if I thriue, in valour as the glaſſe,
That takes the Sun-beames burning with his force:
Ile be the glaſſe, and thou that heauenly Sun,
From whence Ile borrow what I do atchieue:
And ſweet *Perſeda* vnnoted though I be,
Thy beauty yet ſhall make me knowne ere night.

Per. Yong ſlippes are neuer graſt in windy daies,
Yong ſchollers neuer entered with the rod,
Ah my *Eraſtus* there are Europes Knights,
That carry honour grauen in their helmes,
And they muſt winne it deere that winne it thence,
Let not my beauty prick thee to thy bane,
Better ſit ſtill then riſe and ouertane.

Eraſt. Counſell me not, for my intent is ſworne,
And be my fortune as my loue deſerues.

Per. So be thy fortune as thy features ſerue,
And then *Eraſtus* liues without compare.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Here comes a Meſſenger to haſt me hence,
I know your meſſage, hath the Princeſſe ſent for me?

Meſſen.

Meſſen. She hath, and deſires you to conſort her to the (triumphes.

Enter Piſton.

Piſton. Who ſaw my Maſter?
O ſir, are you heere?
The Prince and all the outlan diſh Gentlemen,
Are ready to goe to the triumphs, they ſtay for you.

Eraſt. Goe ſirra, bid my men bring my horſe,
and a doſen ſtaues.

Piſt. You ſhall haue your horſes and two doſen of ſtaues.

Exit Piſton.

Eraſt. Wiſh me good hap *Perſeda* and Ile winne
Such glory, as no time ſhall ere race out,
Or end the period of my youth in blood.

Per. Such fortune as the good *Andromache*,
Wiſht valiant *Hector* wounded with the Greekes,
I wiſh *Eraſtus* in his maiden warres.
Orecome with vallor theſe high minded Knights,
As with thy vertue thou haſt conquered me,
Heauens heare my harty prayer and it effect. *Exeunt.*

Enter Philippo, *the Prince of Cipris*, Baſiliſco,
and all the Knights.

Phil. Braue Knights of Chriſtendome, and turkiſh both,
Aſſembled heere in thirſty honors cauſe,
To be enrolled in the braſſe leaued booke,
Of neuer waſting perpetuity.
Put Lambe-like mildenes to your Lyons ſtrength,
And be our tilting like two brothers ſports.
That exerciſe their warre with friendly blowes,
Braue Prince of Cipris, and our ſonne in law,
Welcome theſe worthies by their ſeuerall countries,
For in thy honor hether are they come,
To grace thy nuptials with their deeds at armes.

Cipris. Firſt welcome thriſe renowned Engliſhman,
Graced by thy country, but ten times more
By thy approoued valour in the field,
Vpon the onſet of the enemy,

What

What is thy motto when thou ſpurres thy horſe.
Engliſhman. In Scotland was I made a Knight at armes,
Where for my countries cauſe I chargde my Launce:
In France I tooke the Standerd from the King,
And giue the flower of Gallia in my creſt.
Againſt the light foote Iriſh haue I ſerued,
And in my skinne bare tokens of their skenes:
Our word of courage all the world hath heard,
Saint George for England, and Saint George for me.
Cipris. Like welcome vnto thee faire Knight of Fraunce,
Well famed thou art for diſcipline in warre,
Vpon the incounter of thine enemy,
What is thy mot renowned Knight of Fraunce?
Frenchman. In Italy I put my Knighthood on,
Where in my ſhirt but with a ſingle Rapier,
I combated a Romane much renownd,
His weapons point impoiſoned for my bane,
And yet my ſtarres did bode my victory,
Saint Denis is for Fraunce, and that for me.
Cipris. Welcome *Caſtilian* too amongſt the reſt,
For fame doth ſound thy valour with the reſt:
Vpon thy firſt encounter of thy foe,
What is thy word of courage braue man of Spaine?
Spaniard. At foureteene yeeres of age was I made Knight,
When twenty thouſand Spaniards were in field,
What time a daring Rutter made a challenge,
To change a bullet with our ſwift flight ſhot,
And I with ſingle heed and leuell hit,
The haughty challenger and ſtrooke him dead,
The golden Fleece is that we cry vpon,
And Iaques, Iaques, is the Spaniards choiſe.
Cipris. Next welcome vnto thee renowned Turke,
Not for thy lay, but for thy worth in armes:
Vpon the firſt braue of thine enemy,
What is thy noted word of charge, braue Turke?
Bruſer. Againſt the Sophy in three pitched fields,
Vnder the conduct of great *Soliman*,

Haue

Haue I beene chiefe commaunder of an hoast,
And put the flint heart Persians to the sword,
The desert plaines of Affricke haue I staind,
With blood of Moores, and there in three set battels fought,
Marcht conqueror through Asia,
Along the coasts held by the Portinguize,
Euen to the verge of golde, aboording Spaine,
Hath *Brusor* led a valiant troope of Turkes,
And made some Christians kneele to *Mahomet*:
Him we adore, and in his name I crie,
Mahomet for me and *Soliman*.

Cip. Now Signeur *Basiliſco* you we know,
And therefore giue not you a strangers welcome,
You are a Rutter borne in Germanie,
Vpon the first encounter of your foe:
What is your braue vpon the enemy?

Basi. I fight not with my tongue, this is my Oratrix.
Laying his hand vpon his sword.

Cip. Why Signeur *Basiliſco*, is it a she sword?

Basi. I, and so are all blades with me: behold my instance,
Perdie, each female is the weaker vessell,
And the vigour of this arme infringeth
The temper of any blade, quoth my assertion,
And thereby gather, that this blade being approoued weaker than this lim, may very well beare a feminine Epitheton.

Cip Tis well prooued, but whats the word that glories your (countrey?

Basi. Sooth to say, the earth is my countrey,
As the aire to the fowle, or the marine moisture
To the red guild fish: I repute my selfe no coward:
For humilitie shall mount.
I keepe no table to character my fore-passed conflicts.
As I remember, there happened a sore drought
In some part of Belgia, that the iucie grasse,
Was seared with the Sunne Gods Element.
I held it pollicie, to put the men children
Of that climate to the sword,
That the mothers teares might releeue the parched earth.

The men died, the women wept, and the graſſe grew,
Els had my Frize-land horſe periſhed,
Whoſe loſſe would haue more grieued me,
Than the ruine of that whole Countrey.
Vpon a time in Ireland I fought,
On horſebacke with an hundred Kernes,
From *Titans* Eaſterne vpriſe, to his Weſterne downe-fall:
Inſomuch that my Steed began to faint;
I coniecturing the cauſe to be want of water, diſmounted:
In which place there was no ſuch Element,
Enraged therefore with this Semitor,
All on foote like an Herculian of-ſpring,
Endured ſome three or foure houres combat,
In which proceſſe, my body diſtilled ſuch dewy ſhowers of (ſwet,
That from the warlike wrinckles of my front,
My Palfray coold his thirſt.
My mercy in conqueſt, is equall with my manhood in fight,
The teare of an infant, hath bin the ranſome of a conquered (citie,
Whereby I purchaſed the ſurname of *Pities adomant.*
Rough wordes blowe my choller,
As the winde dooth Mulcibers worke houſe,
I haue no word, becauſe no countrey,
Each place is my habitation,
Therefore each countries word mine to pronounce.
Princes, what would you?
I haue ſeene much, heard more, but done moſt,
To be briefe, hee that will trie mee, let him waſt me with his (arme.
I am his, for ſome fiue launces.
Although it go againſt my ſtarres to ieſt,
Yet to gratulate this beninge Prince,
I will ſuppreſſe my condition.

Philip. He is beholding to you greatly ſir:
Mount ye braue Lordings, forwards to the tilt,
My ſelfe will cenſure of your chiualrie,
And with impartiall eyes behold your deedes,
Forward braue Ladies, place you to behold
The faire demeanor of theſe warlike Knights. *Exeunt.*

Manet.

Manet Basiliſco.

Baſi. I am melancholy: an humor of Venus beleagereth me.
I haue reiected with contemptable frownes,
The ſweet glances of many amorous girles or rather ladies:
But certes, I am now captiuated with the reflecting eye
Of that admirable comet *Perſeda.*
I will place her to behold my triumphes,
And do wonders in hir ſight,
O heauens ſhe comes, accompanied with a child,
Whoſe chin beares no impreſſion of manhood,
Not an hayre, not an excrement.

Enter Eraſtus, Perſeda, *and* Pyſtan.

Eraſt. My ſweet *Perſeda.*

Exeunt Eraſtus *and* Perſeda.

Baſi. Peace Infant thou blaſphemeſt.
Piſt. You are deceiued ſir, he ſwore not.
Baſi. I tell thee Ieſter he did worſe, he cald that Ladie his.
Piſt. Ieſter: *O extempore, o flores!*
Baſi. O harſh vn-edicate, illiterate peſant,
Thou abuſeſt the phraſe of the Latine.
Piſt. By gods fiſh friend, take you the Latins part, 'ile abuſe you to-
Baſi. What ſaunce dread of our indignation? (
Piſt. Saunce: what languidge is that?
I thinke thou art a word maker by thine occupation,
Baſi. I, termeſt thou me of an occupation,
Nay then this fierie humor of choller is ſuppreſt,
By the thought of loue. Faire Ladie,
Piſt. Now by my troth ſhe is gon.
Baſi. I, hath the Infant tranſported her hence,
He ſaw my anger figured in my brow,
And at his beſt aduantage ſtole away,
But I will follow for reuenge.
Piſt. Naye, but here you ſir,
I muſt talke with you before you goe.

Then Piſton *gets on his back, and puls him downe.*

Baſi. O if thou beeſt magnanimious, come before me.
Piſt. Nay, if thou beeſt a right warrior, get from vnder me.

Baſ. What wouldſt thou haue me a *Typhon*,
To beare vp *Peleon* or *Oſſa*?
Piſt. *Typhon* me no *Typhons*,
But ſweare vpon my Dudgin dagger,
Not to go till I giue thee leaue,
But ſtay with me, and looke vpon the tilters.
Baſ. O thou ſeekſt thereby to dim my glory.
Piſt. I care not for that, wilt thou not ſweare?
Baſ. O I ſweare, I ſweare.
He ſweareth him on his dagger.
Piſt. By the contents of this blade.
Baſ. By the contents of this blade.
Piſt. I the aforeſaid *Baſiliſco*.
Baſ. I the aforeſaid *Baſiliſco*,
Knight good fellow, Knight, Knight.
Piſt. Knaue good fellow, knaue, knaue,
Will not offer to go from the ſide of *Piſton*.
Baſ. Will not offer to go from the ſide of *Piſton*.
Piſt. Without the leaue of the ſaid *Piſton* obtained.
Baſ. Without the leaue of the ſaid *Piſton*,
Licenſed, obtained and granted.
Piſt Inioy thy life and liue, I giue it thee.
Baſ. I inioy my life at thy hands, I confeſſe it,
I am vp, but that I am religious in mine oath.
Piſt. What would you do ſir, what would you do,
Will you vp the ladder ſir, and ſee the tilting.
Then they go vp the ladders, and they ſound within to the firſt courſe.
Baſ. Better a Dog fawne on me, then barke.
Piſt. Now ſir, how likes thou this courſe.
Baſ. Their Launces were coucht too hie,
And their Steedes ill borne.
Piſt. It may be ſo, it may be ſo,
Sound to the ſecond courſe.
Now ſir, how like you this courſe.
Baſ. Prettie, prettie, but not famous,
Well for a learner, but not for a warriour.

Piſt.

Piſt. By my faith me thought it was excellent.

Baſ. I in the eye of an infant, a Peacocks taile is glorious.

Sound to the third courſe.

Piſt, O well ran, the baye horſe with the blew taile,
And the ſiluer knight, are both downe,
By Cocke and Pie, and Mouſe foote,
The Engliſhman is a fine Knight.

Baſ. Now by the marble face of the Welkin,
Hee is a braue warriour.

Piſt. What an oath is there, fie vpon thee extortioner.

Baſ. Now comes in the infant that courts my miſtreſſe.

Sound to the fourth courſe.

Oh that my launce were in my reſt,
And my Beauer cloſd for this encounter.

Piſt. O well ran, my maiſter hath ouerthrowne the Turke.

Baſ. Now fie vpon the Turke,
To be diſmounted by a Childe it vexeth me.

Sound to the fift courſe.

Piſt. O well ran maiſter, he hath ouerthrowne the French-man.

Baſ. It is the fury of his horſe, not the ſtrength of his arme.
I would thou wouldſt remit my oath,
That I might aſſaile thy maiſter.

Piſt. I giue thee leaue, go to thy deſtruction,
But ſyrra wheres thy horſe?

Baſ. Why my Page ſtands holding him by the bridle.

Piſt. Well goe mount thee, goe.

Baſ. I go, and Fortune guide my Launce.

Exit Baſiliſco.

Piſt. Take the braginſt knaue in Chriſtendom with thee:
Truly I am ſorrie for him,
He iuſt like a Knight, heele iuſt like a Iade.
It is a world to heere the foole prate and brag,
He will iet as if it were a Gooſe on a greene:
He goes many times ſupperles to bed,
And yet he takes Phiſick to make him leane.
Laſt night he was bidden to a Gentlewomans to ſupper,
And becauſe he would not be put to carue,

He wore his hand in a ſcarfe, and ſaid he was wounded:
He weares a coloured lath in his ſcabberd,
And when twas found vpon him, he ſaid he was wrathfull,
He might not weare iron. He weres Ciuet,
And when it was askt him, where he had that muske,
He ſaid, all his kindred ſmelt ſo:
Is not this a counterfet foole?
Well ile vp and ſee how he ſpeedes.

Sound the ſixt courſe,

Now by the faith of a ſquire, he is a very faint knight,
Why my maiſter hath ouerthrowne him
And his Curtall, both to the ground,
I ſhall haue olde laughing,
It will be better then the Fox in the hole for me.

Sound: Enter Philippo, Eraſtus, Ferdinando, Lucina, *and all the Knights.*

Cipr. Braue Gentlemen, by all your free conſents,
This Knight vnknowne, hath beſt demeand himſelfe:
According to the proclimation made,
The prize and honor of the day is his,
But now vnmaske thy ſelfe, that we may ſee,
What warlike wrinckles time hath charactered,
With ages print vpon thy warlike face.

Engliſh. Accord to his requeſt, braue man at armes,
And let me ſee the face that vanquiſhed me.

French. Vnmaske thy ſelfe, thou well approoued knight.

Turke. I long to ſee thy face braue warriour.

Luci. Nay valiant ſir, we may not be denide,
Faire Ladies ſhould be coye to ſhowe their faces,
Leaſt that the ſun ſhould tan them with his beames,
Ile be your Page this once, for to diſarme you.

Piſt. Thats the reaſon, that he ſhall helpe
Your huſband to arme his head,
Oh the pollicie of this age is wonderfull.

Phillip. What yong *Eraſtus*, is it poſſible?

Cipr. Eraſtus be thou honoured for this deed.

Engliſh. So yong, and of ſuch good accompliſhment,

Thriue

Thriue faire beginner as this time doth promiſe,
In vertue, valour and all worthines:
Giue me thy hand, I vow my ſelfe thy friend.
Eraſt. Thankes worthy ſir, whoſe fauourable hand,
Hath entred ſuch a yongling in the warre,
And thankes vnto you all, braue worthy ſirs,
Impoſe me taske, how I may doe you good,
Eraſtus will be dutifull in all.
Phil. Leaue proteſtations now, and let vs hye,
To tread lauolto, that is womens walke,
There ſpend we the remainder of the day.
Exeunt. Manet Ferdinando.
Ferdi. Though ouer-borne, and foyled in my courſe,
Yet haue I partners in mine infamy.
Tis wondrous, that ſo young a toward warriour,
Should bide the ſhock of ſuch approoued knights,
As he this day hath matcht and mated too,
But vertue ſhould not enuy good deſert,
Therefore *Eraſtus* happy, laude thy fortune,
But my *Lucina*, how ſhe changed her colour,
When at the encounter I did looſe a ſtirrop,
Hanging her head as partner of my ſhame.
Therefore now will I goe viſit her,
And pleaſe her with this Carcanet of worth,
Which by good fortune I haue found to day,
When valour failes then muſt golde make the way. *Exit.*
Enter Baſiliſco *riding of a Mule.*
Baſ. O curſed *Fortune* enemy to *Fame*,
Thus to diſgrace thy honored name,
By ouerthrowing him that far hath ſpred thy praiſe,
Beyond the courſe of *Titans* burning raies.
Enter Piſton.
Page ſet a ſide the ieſture of my enemy,
Giue him a Fidlers fee, and ſend him packing.
Piſt. Ho, God ſaue you ſir, haue you burſt your ſhin,
Baſ. I villaine, I haue broke my ſhin bone,
My backe bone, my channell bone, and my thigh bone,

Be-

Be[illegible] two dossen of small inferior bones.
Pist. A shrewd losse by my faith sir,
But wheres your coursers tayle?
Bas. He lost the same in seruice.
Pist. There was a hot piece of seruise where he lost his taile
But how chance his nose is slit?
Bas. For presumption, for couering the Emperors Mare.
Pist. Marry a foule fault, but why are his eares cut?
Bas. For neighing in the Emperors court.
Pist. Why then thy horse hath bin a Colt in his time,
Bas. True, thou hast said.
O touch not the cheeke of my Palphrey,
Least he dismount me while my wounds are greene,
Page, run, bid the surgion bring his incision.
Yet stay Ile ride along with thee my selfe. *Exit.*
Pist. And Ile beare you company,

Piston *getteth vp on his Asse, and rideth with him to the doore, and meeteth the Cryer.*

Enter the Cryer.

Pist. Come sirra, let me see how finely youle cry this chaine:
Cryer. Why what was it worth? (worth,
Pist. It was worth more, then thou and all thy kin are
Cry. It may be so, but what must he haue that findes it?
Pist. Why a hundred Crownes.
Cry. Why then Ile haue ten for the crying of it.
Pist. Ten Crownes, and had but sixe pence,
For crying a little wench of thirty yeeres olde and vpwardes,
That had lost her selfe betwixt a Tauerne and a bawdy house.
Cry. I that was a wench, and this is Golde,
She was poore, but this is rich.
Pist Why then by this reckoning, a Hackney man
Should haue ten shillings for horsing a Gentlewoman,
Where he hath but ten pence of a begger.
Cry. Why and reason good,
Let them pay that best may,
As the Lawyers vse their rich Clyants,

When

When they let the poore goe vnder *Forma pauperis*.
Pist. Why then I pray thee cry the chayne for me,
Sub forma pauperis.
For money goes very low with me at this time.
Crier. I sir, but your master is, though you be not.
Pist. I but he must not know,
That thou tryest the chaine for me,
I doe but vse thee to saue me a labour,
That am to make inquiry after it.
Cri. Well sir, youle see me considered, will you not?
Pist. I marry will I, why what lighter paiment can there be, then consideration.
Cri. O yes.

Enter Erastus.

Erast. How now sirra, what are you crying?
Cri. A chaine sir, a chaine, that your man bad me cry.
Erast. Get you away sirra, I aduise you
Meddle with no chaines of mine. *Exit* Cryer.
You paltry knaue, how durst thou be so bould,
To cry the chaine, when I bid thou shouldst not,
Did I not bid thee onely vnderhand,
Make priuie inquirie for it through the towne,
Least publike rumour might aduertise her,
Whose knowledge were to me a second death?
Pist. Why would you haue me runne vp and downe the towne? and my shooes are doone.
Erast. What you want in shooes, ile giue you in blowes.
Pist. I pray you sir hold your hands,
And as I am an honest man,
Ile doe the best I can to finde your chaine. *Exit* Piston.
Erast. Ah treacherous *Fortune*, enemy to *Loue*,
Didst thou aduaunce me for my greater fall,
In dalying war, I lost my chiefest peace,
In hunting after praise, I lost my loue,
And in loues shipwracke will my life miscarrie,
Take thou the honor, and giue me the chaine,
Wherein was linkt the the sum of my delight.

When ſhe deliuered me the Carkanet,
Keep it quoth ſhe, as thou wouldſt keep my ſelfe:
I kept it not, and therefore ſhe is loſt,
And loſt with her is all my happineſſe,
And loſſe of happines is worſe then death.
Come therefore gentle death and eaſe my griefe,
Cut ſhort what malice *Fortune* miſintends,
But ſtay a while good *Death*, and let me liue,
Time may reſtore what *Fortune* tooke from me,
Ah no, great loſſes ſildome are reſtord.
What if my chaine ſhall neuer be reſtord,
My innocence ſhall cleare my negligence.
Ah! but my loue is ceremonious,
And lookes for iuſtice at her louers hand,
Within forſt furrowes of her clowding brow,
As ſtormes that fall amid a ſun ſhine day,
I read her iuſt deſires, and my decay. *Exit.*

Enter Solyman, Haleb, Amarath, *and Ianeſaries.*

Soly. I long till *Bruſor* be returnde from *Rhodes*,
To know how he hath borne him gainſt the Chriſtians,
That are aſſembled there to try their valour,
But more to be well aſſured by him.
How *Rhodes* is fenc'd, and now I beſt may lay,
My neuer failing ſiegd to win that plot,
For by the holy Alcaron I ſweare,
Ile call my Souldiers home from *Perſia*,
And let the Sophie breath, and from the *Ruſſian* broiles
Call home my hardy, dauntleſſe Ianiſaries,
And from the other skirts of Chriſtendome,
Call home my Baſſowes and my men of war,
And ſo beleager *Rhodes* by ſea and land.
That Key will ſerue to open all the gates,
Through which our paſſage cannot finde a ſtop,
Till it haue prickt the heart of Chriſtendome,
Which now that paltry Iland keeps from ſcath.

Say

Say brother *Amurath*, and *Haleb*, say,
What thinke you of our resolution?
Amu. Great *Soliman*, heauens onely substitute,
And earths commander vnder Mahomet:
So counsell I, as thou thy selfe hast said.
Haleb. Pardon me dread Soueraigne, I hold it not
Good pollicie, to call your forces home
From *Persea* and *Polonia*, bending them
Vpon a paltrie Ile of small defence.
A common presse of base superfluous Turkes,
May soone be leuied for so slight a taske.
Ah *Soliman*, whose name hath shakt thy foes,
As witheredleaues with Autumne throwne downe,
Fog not thy glory with so fowle eclipse,
Let not thy Souldiers sound a base retire,
Till *Persea* stoope, and thou be conquerour.
What scandall were it to thy mightinesse,
After so many valiant Bassowes slaine,
Whose bloud hath bin manured to their earth,
Whose bones hath made their deepe waies passable,
To sound a homeward, dull, and harsh retreate,
Without a conquest, or a meane reuenge,
Striue not for *Rhodes*, by letting *Persea* slip,
The ones a Lyon almost brought to death,
Whose skin will counteruaile the hunters toile;
The other is a Waspe with threatning sting,
Whose Hunny is not worth the taking vp.
Amu. Why *Haleb* didst thou not heare our brother sweare,
Vpon the Alcaron religiously:
That he would make an vniuersall Campe
Of all his scattered Legions: and darest thou
Infer a reason why it is not meete,
After his Highnes sweares it shall be so,
Were it not thou art my fathers sonne,
And striuing kindnes wrestled not with ire,
I would not hence, till I had let thee know,
What twere to thwart a Monarchs holy oath.

Haleb. Why, his highnes gaue me leaue to speake my will
And farre from flattery I spoke my minde,
And did discherge a faithfull subiects loue,
Thou *Aristippus* like didst flatter him,
Not like my brother, or a man of worth:
And for his highnesse vowe, I crost it not,
But gaue my censure, as his highnesse bad,
Now for thy chastisment know *Amurath*,
I scorne them as a retchlesse Lion scornes,
The humming of a Gnat in Summers night.

Amur. I take it *Haleb* thou art friend to Rhodes.

Haleb Not half so much am I a friend to Rhodes,
As thou art enemy to thy Soueraigne:

Amur. I charge thee say wherein, or else by Mahomet,
Ile hazard dutie in my Soueraignes presence.

Haleb. Not for thy threats, but for my selfe I say,
It is not meete, that one so base as thou,
Shouldst come about the person of a King.

Soli. Must I giue aime to this presumption?

Amur. Your Highnesse knowes, I spake in dutious loue.

Haleb. Your Highnesse knowes I spake at your command,
And to the purpose, far from flattery.

Amur. Thinks thou I flatter, now I flatter not.

Then he kils Haleb.

Soli. What dismall Planets guides this fatall howre,
Villaine, thy brothers grones do call for thee.

Then Soliman *kils* Amurath.

To wander with them through eternall night.

Amu. Oh *Soliman* for louing thee I die:

Soli No *Amurath*, for murthering him thou dyest:
Oh *Haleb* how shall I begin to mourne,
Or how shall I begin to shed salt teares,
For whom no wordes nor teares can well suffice:
Ah that my rich imperiall Diadem,
Could satisfie thy cruell destinie:
Or that a thousand of our Turkish soules,
Or twenty thousand millions of our foes,

Could

Could ransome thee from fell deaths tirannie,
To win thy life, would *Soliman* be poore,
And liue in seruile bondage all my dayes,
Accursed *Amurath*, that for a worthlesse cause,
In bloud hath shortned our sweet *Halebs* dayes,
Ah what is dearer bond then brotherhood,
Yet *Amurath* thou wert my brother too,
If wilfull folly did not blinde mine eyes,
I, I, and thou as vertuous as *Haleb*,
And I as deare to thee as vnto *Haleb*,
And thou as neere to me as *Haleb* was,
Ah *Amurath*: why wert thou so vnkinde to him,
For vttering but a thwarting word?
And *Haleb*, why did not thy harts counsell,
Bridle the fond intemperance of thy tongue?
Nay wretched *Solyman*, why didst not thou
Withhould thy hand, from heaping bloud on bloud,
Might I not better spare one ioy then both,
If loue of *Haleb* forst me on to wrath,
Curst be that wrath that is the way to death,
If iustice forst me on, curst be that iustice
That makes the brother, Butcher of his brother,
Come Ianisaries, and helpe me to lament,
And beare my ioyes on either side of me:
I, late my ioyes, but now my lasting sorrow,
Thus, thus, let *Soliman* passe on his way,
Bearing in either hand his hearts decay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Loue. Now *Death* and *Fortune* which of all vs three,
Hath in the Actors showne the greatest power.
Haue not I taught *Erastus* and *Perseda*,
By mutuall tokens to seale vp their loues?

Fortune. I but those tokens, the Ring and Carkanet,
Were *Fortunes* gifts, *Loue* giues no gould or iewels.

Loue. Why what is ieuels, or what is gould but earth,
An humor knit together by compression,

And by the worlds bright eye, first brought to light,
Onely to feed mens eyes with vaine delight.
Loues workes are more then of a mortall temper,
I couple minds together by consent.
Who gaue Rhodes Princes to the Ciprian Prince: but *Loue.*
For. *Fortune* that first by chance brought them together,
For till by *Fortune* persons meete each other,
Thou cánst not teach their eyes to wound their hearts.
Loue. I made those Knights of seuerall sect and countries,
Each one by armes to honor his beloued.
For. Nay one alone to honor his beloued,
The rest by turning of my tickle wheele,
Came short in reaching of faire honors marke:
I gaue *Eraſtus* onely that dayes prize,
A sweet renowne, but mixt with bitter sorrow:
For in conclusion of his happines,
I made him loose the pretious Carcanet,
Whereon depended all his hope and ioy.
Death. And more then so: for he that found the chaine,
Euen for that Chaine shall be depriued of life.
Loue. Besides, *Loue* hath inforst a foole,
The fond Bragardo to presume to armes.
For. I, but thou seest how he was onerthrowne,
By *Fortunes* high displeasure.
Death. I and by *Death* had beene surprisd,
If Fates had giuen me leaue:
But what I mist in him and in the rest,
I did accomplish on *Haleb* and *Amurath*,
The worthy brethren of great *Soliman*,
But wherefore stay we, let the sequele prooue,
Who is greatest, *Fortune*, *Death*, or *Loue*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ferdinando *and* Lucina.

Fer. As fits the time, so now well fits the place,
To coole affection with our words and lookes,
If in our thoughts be semblance simpathie.
Luci. My words, my lookes, my thoughts are all on thee.

Fer-

Ferdinando is *Lucinaes* onely ioy.

Fer. What pledge thereof?

Luci. An oath, a hand, a kiſſe.

Ferd. O holy oath, faire hand, and ſugred kiſſe:
Oh neuer may *Ferdinando* leck ſuch bliſſe.
But ſay my deare, when ſhall the gates of heauen,
Stand all wide ope for celeſtiall Gods?
With gladſome lookes to gaſe at *Hymens* robes.
When ſhall the graces, or *Lucinas* hand,
With Roſie chaplets deck my golden treſſes,
And Cupid bring me to thy nuptiall bed,
Where thou in ioy and pleaſure muſt attend,
A bliſſfull war with me thy chiefeſt friend.

Luci. Full fraught with loue, and burning with deſire,
I long haue longd for light of *Hymens* lights.

Ferd. Then that ſame day, whoſe warme & pleaſant ſight
Brings in the ſpring, with many gladſome flowers,
Be our firſt day of ioy and perfect peace:
Till when, receiue this precious Carcanet,
In ſigne, that as the linkes are interlaced,
So both our hearts are ſtill combind in one,
Which neuer can be parted but by death.

Enter Baſiliſco *and* Perſeda.

Luci. And if I liue this ſhall not be forgot:
But ſee *Ferdinando* where *Perſeda* comes,
Whom women loue for vertue, men for beauty,
All the world loues, none hates but enuy.

Baſ. All haile braue Cauelere: God morrow madam,
The faireſt ſhine that ſhall this day be ſeene.
Except *Perſedas* beautious excellence,
Shame to loues Queene, and Empreſſe of my thoughts.

Ferdi. Marry thriſe happy is *Perſedas* chance,
To haue ſo braue a champion to her Squire,

Baſ. Her Squire: her knight, and who ſo elſe denies,
Shall feele the rigour of my Sword and Launce.

Ferdi. O ſir, not I.

Luci. Heere is none but freinds, yet let me challenge you,

For gracing me with a malignant ſtile,
That I was faireſt, and yet *Perſeda* fayrer.
We Ladie, ſtand vpon our beauties much.
Per. Herein *Lucina* let me buckler him,
Baſ. Not Mars himſelfe had eare ſo faire a Buckler.
Per. Loue makes him blinde,
And blinde cau iudge no colour.
Luci. Why then the mends is made, and we ſtill friends.
Per. Still friends, ſtill foes, ſhe weares my Carcanet.
Ah falſe *Eraſtus*, how am I betraid
Luci. What ailes you madam, that your coulor changes?
Per. A ſudden qualme, I therefore take my leaue.
Luci. Weele bring you home.
Per. No, I ſhall ſoone get home.
Luci. Why then farewell: *Ferrando* lets away.
Exeunt Ferdinando *and* Lucina.
Baſ. Say worlds brighr ſtarre,
Whence ſprings this ſuddaine change,
Is it vnkindnes at the little praiſe
I gaue *Lucina* with my gloſing ſtile?
Per. No, no, her beautie far ſurpaſſeth mine,
And from my neck, her neck hath woone the praiſe.
Baſ. What is it then, if loue of this my perſon,
By fauour and by iuſtice of the heauens,
At laſt haue perc't through thy tralucent breſt,
And thou miſdoubts, perhaps that ile proue coye,
Oh be aſſur'd tis far from noble thoughts,
To tyranniſe ouer a yeelding foe.
Therefore be blithe, ſweete loue abandon feare,
I will forget thy former crueltie.
Per. Ah falſe *Eraſtus* full of treacherie.
Baſ. I alwayes told you that ſuch coward knights,
Were faithleſſe ſwaines and worthie no reſpect,
But tell me ſweete loue, what is his offence?
That I with words and ſtripes may chaſtice him,
And bring him bound for thee to tread vpon.
Per. Now muſt I find the meanes to rid him hence.

Go

Goe thou foorthwith arme thee from top to toe,
And come an houre hence vnto my lodging.
Then will I tell thee this offence at large,
And thou in my behalfe ſhalt worke reuenge.

Baſ. I, thus ſhould men of valour be emploide,
This is good argument of thy true loue,
I go, make reconing that *Eraſtus* dyes,
Vnleſſe forewarnd, the weakling coward flies.

Exit Baſiliſco.

Per. Thou fooliſh coward flies, *Eraſtus* liues,
The faireſt ſhape, but fowleſt minded man,
That ere ſunne ſaw within our hemyſpheare,
My tongue to tell my woes is all too weake,
I muſt vnclaſpe me. or my heart will breake:
But inward cares are moſt pent in with griefe,
Vnclaſping therefore yeelds me no releefe.
Ah that my moyſt and cloud compacted braine,
Could ſpend my cares in ſhowers of weeping raine.
But ſcalding ſighes like blaſts of boiſterous windes,
Hinder my teares from falling on the ground,
And I muſt dye by cloſure of my wound.
Ah falſe *Eraſtus*, how had I miſdoone,
That thou ſhouldſt quit my loue with ſuch a ſcorne.

Enter Eraſtus.

Heere comes the Synon of my heart,
Ile frame my ſelfe to his diſſembling arte.

Eraſt. Deſire perſwades me on, feare puls me backe,
Tuſh I will to her, innocence is bould,
How fares *Perſeda* my ſweet ſecond ſelfe?

Per. Well, now *Eraſtus* my hearts onely ioy,
Is come to ioyne both hearts in vnion,

Eraſt. And till I came whereas my loue did dwell,
My pleaſure was but paine, my ſolace woe.

Per. What loue meanes my *Eraſtus*, pray thee tell?

Eraſt. Matchleſſe *Perſeda*, ſhe that gaue me ſtrength,
To win late conqueſt from many victors hands,
Thy name was conquerour, not my chiualry:

Thy lookes did arme me, not my coate of steele,
Thy beauty did defend me, not my force,
Thy fauours bore me, not my light foote Steed,
Therefore to thee I owe both loue and life.
But wherefore makes *Perseda* such a doubt,
As if *Erastus* could forget himselfe:
Which if I doe all vengeance light on me.
Per. Aye me, how graceleſſe are theſe wicked men,
I can no longer hold my patience.
Ah how thine eyes can forge alluring lookes,
And faine deep oathes to wound poore silly Maides,
Are there no honeſt drops in all thy cheekes,
To checke thy fraudfull countenance with a bluſh?
Calſt thou me loue, and loueſt another better,
If heauens were iuſt, thy teeth would teare thy tongue,
For this thy periurde falſe diſloyalty.
If heauens were iuſt, men ſhould haue open breſts,
That we therein might read their guileſull thoughts.
If heauens were iuſt, that power that forceth loue,
Would neuer couple Wolues and Lambes together.
Yes, heauens are iuſt, but thou art ſo corrupt,
That in thee, all their influence doth change,
As in the ſpider good things turne to poiſon.
Ah falſe *Eraſtus*, how had I miſdone?
That thou ſhouldſt pawne my true affections pledge,
To her whoſe worth will neuer equall mine.
What, is *Lucinaes* wealth exceeding mine?
Yet mine ſufficient to encounter thine.
Is ſhe more faire then I? thats not my fault,
Nor her deſart: whats beauty but a blaſt?
Soone cropt with age, or with infirmities.
Is ſhe more wiſe? her yeeres are more then mine,
What ere ſhe be, my loue was more then hers,
And for her chaſtity let others iudge.
But what talke I of her? the fault is thine,
If I were ſo diſgratious in thine eye,
That ſhe muſt needes inioy my intereſt,

Why didſt thou deck her with my ornament?
Could nothing ſerue her but the Carcanet,
Which as my life I gaue ro thee in charge?
Couldſt thou abuſe my true ſtmplicitie,
Whoſe greateſt fault was ouer louing thee?
Ile keepe no tokens of thy periury.
Heere giue her this. *Perſeda* now is free,
And all my former loue is turnd to hate.
Eraſt. Ah ſtay my ſweete *Perſeda* heare me ſpeake.
Per. What are thy words? but Syrens guilefull ſongs:
That pleaſe the eare, but ſeeke to ſpoile the heart.
Eraſt. Then view my teares, that plead for innocence.
Per. What are thy teares? but *Circes* magike ſeas,
Where none ſcape wrackt, but blindfould Marriners.
Eraſt. If words & teares diſpleaſe, then view my lookes,
That plead for mercy at thy rigorous hands.
Per. What are thy lookes? but like the Cockatrice,
That ſeekes to wound poore ſilly paſſengers.
Eraſt. If words, nor teares, nor lookes, may win remorſe,
What then remainer for my perplexed heart?
Hath no interpreters but words, or teares, or lookes?
Perſe. And they are all as falſe as thou thy ſelfe.
Exit Perſeda.
Eraſt. Hard doome of death before my caſe be knowne;
My iudge vniuſt, and yet I cannot blame her,
Since Loue and iealouſie miſled her thus,
My ſelfe in fault, and yet not worthie blame,
Becauſe that Fortune made the fault, not Loue.
The ground of her vnkindnes growes, becauſe I loſt
The pretious Carcanet ſhe gaue to me:
Lucina hath it, as her words import,
But how ſhe got it, heauens knowes, not I,
Yet this is ſome aleagement to my ſorrow,
That if I can but get the Chaine againe,
I bouldly then ſhall let *Perſeda* know,
That ſhe hath wrongd *Eraſtus* and her frend;
Ah Loue, and if thou beeſt of heauenly power,

Inſpire me with ſome preſent ſtratagem,
t muſt be ſo, *Lucinas* a franke Gaimſter,
And like it is, in play ſheele hazard it,
For if report but blaſen her aright,
Shees a franke gaimſter, and inclinde to play. Ho *Piſton*?

Enter Piſton.

Piſt. Heere ſir, what would you with me?

Era. Deſire *Guelpio* & ſignior *Iulio* come ſpeake with me,
And bid them bring ſome ſtoore of crownes with them,
And ſirra, prouide me foure Viſards,
Foure Gownes, a boxe, and a Drum,
For I intend to go in mummery.

Piſt. I will ſir. *Exit* Piſton.

Eraſt. Ah vertuous Lampes of euer turning heauens,
Incline her minde to play, and mine to win,
Nor do I couet but what is mine owne,
Then ſhall I let *Perſeda* vnderſtand,
How iealouſie had armd her tongue with malice,
Ah were ſhe not *Perſeda* whom my heart,
No more can flie, then iron can Adamant.
Her late vnkindnes would haue changed my minde.

Enter Guelpio *and* Iulio *and* Piſton.

Guelp. How now *Eraſtus*, wherein may we pleaſure thee?

Eraſt. Sirs thus it is, we muſt in mummerie,
Vnto *Lucina*, neither for loue nor hate,
But if we can, to win the chaine ſhe weares,
For though I haue ſome intereſt therein,
Fortune may make me maiſter of mine owne,
Rather then ile ſeeke iuſtice gainſt the Dame,
But this aſſure your ſelues it muſt be mine,
Be game, or change, by one deuiſe or other:
The reſt ile tell you when our ſport is doone,

Iulio. Why then lets make vs ready and about it.

Eraſt. What ſtore of Crownes haue you brought?

Guel. Feare not for money man, ile beare the Boxe,

Iulio. I haue ſome little reply, if neede require.

Piſt. I but heare you Maiſter, was not he a foole,

That

That went to ſhoote, and left his arrowes behinde him.

Eraſt. Yes, but what of that?

Piſt. Mary that you may looſe your money,
And go without the chaine, vnleſſe you carry falſe dice.

Guel Mas the foole ſaye true, lets haue ſome got.

Piſt. Nay I vſe not to go without a paire of falſe Dice.
Heere are tall men and little men.

Iulio Hie men and low men, thou wouldſt ſay,

Eraſt. Come ſirs lets go, Drumſler pray for me,
And ile reward thee: and ſirra *Piſton*,
Mar not our ſport with your foolery.

Piſt. I warrant you ſir, they get not one wiſe word of me.

Sound vp the Drum to Lucinaes *doore.*

Enter Lucina.

Luci. I marrie, this ſhowes that Charleman is come,
What ſhall we play heere? content,
Since Signior *Ferdinand* will haue it ſo.

Then they play, and when ſhe hath loſt her gold, Eraſtus *pointed to her Chaine, and then ſhe ſaid:*

I were it *Cleopatraes* vnion:

Then Eraſtus *winneth the Chaine, and looſeth his gould.*

And Lucina *ſaies.*

Signior *Fernando*, I am ſure tis you,
And Gentlemen, vnmaske ere you depart,
That I may know to whom my thankes is due,
For this ſo courteous and vnlookt for ſport:
No wilt not be, then ſup with me to morrow,
Well then ile looke for you, till then farewell.

Exit Lucina.

Eraſt. Gentlemen, each thing hath ſorted to our wiſh,
Shee tooke me for *Fernando*, markt you that:
Your gould ſhall be repairde with double thankes,
And fellow Drumſler, ile reward you well.

Piſt. But is there no reward for my falſe dice?

Eraſt. Yes ſir, a garded ſute from top to toe.

Enter Ferdinando.

Ferdi. Daſell mine eyes, or iſt *Lucinaes* chaine,

Falſe tretcher, lay downe the chaine that thou haſt ſtole,
Eraſt. He lewdly lyes that cals me treacherous.
Fern. That lye my weapon ſhall put downe thy throate:
Then Eraſtus *ſtaies* Ferdinando.
Iulio. Flie *Eraſtus*, ere the Gouernour haue any newes.
Whoſe neere alye he was, and cheefe delight.
Eraſt. Nay Gentlemen, flye you and ſaue your ſelues,
Leaſt you pertake the hardnes of my fortune.
Exeunt Guelpio *and* Iulio.
Ah fickle and blind guidreſſe of the world,
What pleaſure haſt thou in my miſerie?
Waſt not enough when I had loſt the Chaine,
Thou didſt bereaue me of my deareſt loue,
But now when I ſhould repoſſeſſe the ſame,
To croſſe me with this hapleſſe accedent:
Ah if but time and place would giue me leaue,
Great eaſe it were for me to purge my ſelfe,
And to accuſe fell *Fortune*, *Loue* and *Death*.
For all theſe three conſpire my tragedie,
But danger waites vpon my words and ſteps,
I dare not ſtay, for if the Gouernour
Surpriſe me heere, I dye by marſhall law,
Therefore I go. But whether ſhall I go?
If into any ſtay adioyning Rhodes,
They will betray me to *Phyllippos* hands,
For loue, or gaine, or flatterie.
To Turkie muſt I goe, the paſſage ſhort,
The people warlike, and the king renownd,
For all heroyicall and kingly vertues,
Ah hard attempt, to tempt a foe for ayde,
Neceſſitie yet ſayes it muſt be ſo,
Or ſuffer death for *Ferdinandos* death.
Whom honors title forſt me to miſdoe,
By checking his outragious inſolence.
Piſton, heere take this chaine, and giue it to *Perſeda*.
And let her know what hath befallen me,
When thou haſt deliuered it, take ſhip and follow me,

I will

I will be in Conſtantinople.
Farewell my country dearer then my life;
Farewell deare friends, dearer then countrey ſoyle,
Farewell *Perſeda*, deareſt of them all,
Dearer to me, then all the world beſides.

Exit Eraſtus.

Piſt. Now am I growing into a doubtfull agony,
What I were beſt to doe, to run away with this Chaine,
Or deliuer it, and follow my Maiſter.
If I deliuer it and follow my maiſter, I ſhall haue thankes,
But they will make me neuer the fatter,
If I run away with it, I may liue vpon credit,
All the while I weare this chaine,
Or dominere with the money when I haue ſolde it,
Hetherto all goes well, but if I be taken,
I marry ſir, then the caſe is altered, I and haltered to,
Of all things I doe not loue to preach
With a haulter about my necke:
Therefore for this once, Ile be honeſt againſt my will,
Perſeda ſhall haue it, but before I goe, Ile be ſo bolde
As to diue into the Gentlemans pocket, for good luck ſake,
If he deny me not: how ſay you ſir, are you content?
A plaine caſe, *Qui tacet conſiuri videtur.*

Enter Phylippo *and* Iulio.

Iulio. See where his body lyes.
Philip. I, I, I ſee his body all too ſoone,
What barbarous villaine ift that rifles him.
Ah *Ferdinando*, the ſtay of my olde age,
And chiefe remainder of our progeny,
Ah louing coſen how art thou miſdone,
By falſe *Eraſtus*, ah no by trechery,
For well thy valour hath been often tride,
But whilſt I ſtand and weep, and ſpend the time,
In fruitleſſe plaintes, the murtherer will eſcape,
Without reuenge, ſole ſalue for ſuch a ſore,
Say villaine wherefore didſt thou rifle him?

Piſt.

Pist. Faith sir for pure good will,
Seeing he was going towards heauen,
I thought to see, if he had a pasport to S. *Nicholas* or no,
Phil. Some sot he seemes to be, twere pitty to hurt him:
Sirra canst thou tell who slew this man?
Pist. I sir very well, it was my master *Erastus*.
Phil. Thy maister, and whether is he gone now?
Pist. To fetch the Sexton to bury him I thinke.
Phil. Twere pitty to imprison such a sot,
Pist. Now it fits my wisedome to counterfeit the foole.
Phil. Come hether sirra, thou knowest me
For the Gouernour of the Citty, dost thou not?
Pist. I forsooth sir.
Phil. Thou art a bondman, and wouldst faine be free?
Pist. I forsooth sir.
Phil. Then doe but this, and I will make thee free,
And rich wit hall, learne where *Erastus* is,
And bring me word, and Ile reward thee well.
Pist. That I will sir, I shal finde you at the Castle, shal I not?
Phil. Yes.
Pist. Why Ile be heere, as soone as euer I come againe.
Exit Pistol.
Phil. But for assurance that he may not scape,
Weele lay the ports and hauens round about,
And let proclamation straight be made,
That he that can bring foorth the murtherer,
Shall haue three thousand Duckets for his paine,
My selfe will see the body borne from hence,
And honored with Balme and funerall. *Exit.*
Enter Pistol.
Pist. God sends fortune to fooles,
Did you euer see wise men escape as I haue done.
I must betray my master: I but when can you tell?
Enter Perseda.
See where *Perseda*, comes to saue me a labour,
After my most harty commendations,
This is to let you vnderstand,

That

That my maiſter was in good health at the ſending hereof,
Yours for euer and euer and euer.
In moſt humble wiſe *Piſton*.

Then he deliuered her the chaine.

Piſt. This makes me thinke that I haue been to cruell,
How got he this from of *Lucinas* arme?
Piſt. Faith in a mummery, and a paire of falſe dice,
I was one of the mummers my ſelfe, ſimple as I ſtand here.
Per. I rather thinke it coſt him very deare.
Piſt. I ſo it did, for it coſt *Ferdinando* his life.
Per. How ſo?
Piſt. After we had got the chaine in mummery,
And loſt our box in counter cambio,
My maiſter wore the chaine about his necke,
Then *Ferdinando* met vs on the way,
And reuil'd my maiſter, ſaying he ſtole the chaine,
With that they drew, & there *Ferdinando* had the prickado.
Per. And whether fled my poore *Eraſtus* then?
Piſt. To *Conſtantinople* whether I muſt follow him,
But ere he went, with many ſighes and teares,
He deliuered me the chaine, and bad me giue it you,
For perfect argument that he was true,
And you too credulous.
Per. Ah ſtay, no more, for I can heere no more.
Piſt. And I can ſing no more.
Per. My heart had arm'd my tongue with iniury,
To wrong my friend, whoſe thoughts were euer true,
Ah poore *Eraſtus* how thy ſtarres maling:
Thou great commander of the ſwift wingd winds,
And dreadfull *Neptune* bring him backe againe,
But *Eolus* and *Neptune* let him go,
For heere is nothing but reuenge and death,
Then let him go, ile ſhortly follow him,
Not with ſlow ſailes, but with loues goulden wings,
My ſhip ſhall be borne with teares, and blowne with ſighes,
So will I ſoare about the Turkiſh land,
Vntill I meete *Eraſtus* my ſweete friend.

And then and there, fall downe amid his armes,
And in his bosome there power foorth my soule,
For satisfaction of my trespasse past.

Enter Basiliſco *armde.*

Basi. Faire Loue, according vnto thy commaund,
I seeke *Eraſtus* and will combate him
Per. I seeke him, finde him, bring him to my sight,
For till we meete, my hart shall want delight.

Exit Perseda.

Basi. My petty fellow, where hast thou hid thy maister.
Piſt. Marrie sir in an Armorours shop,
Where you had not best go to him.
Bas. Why so, I am in honor bound to combat him,
Piſt. I sir, but he knowing your fierce conditions,
Hath planted a double cannon in the doore,
Ready to discharge it vpon you, when you go by,
I tell you for pure good will.
Basi. In Knightly curteſie, I thanke thee,
But hopes the coyſtrell to escape me so,
Thinkes he bare cannon shot can keepe me back:
Why wherfore serues my targe of proofe, but for the bullet,
That once put by, I roughly come vpon him,
Like to the wings of lightning from aboue,
I with a martiall looke astonish him,
Then fals he downe poore wretch vpon his knee,
And all to late, repents his surquedry.
Then do I take him on my fingers point,
And thus I beare him thorough euery streete,
To be a laughing stock to all the towne:
That done, I lay him at my mistresse feete,
For her to giue him doome of life or death.
Piſt. I but heere you sir, I am bound
In paine of my maisters displeasure,
To haue about at cuffes, afore you and I part,
Basi. Ha, ha, ha, Eagles are chalenged by paltry flyes,
Thy folly giues thee priuiledge begon, begon.
Piſt. No, no sir, I must haue about with you sir thats flat,

I eat

Least my maister turne me out of seruice.
Bas. Why, art thou wearie of thy life?
Pis. No by my faith sir.
Bas. Then fetch thy weapons, and with my single fist,
Ile combat thee, my body all vnarmd.
Pis. Why lend me thine, and saue me a labour.
Bas. I tell thee, if *Alcides* liued this day,
He could not weild my weapons.
Pist. Why wilt thou stay till I come againe?
Bas. I vpon my honour.
Pist. That shall be when I come from Turkey. *Exit* Pist.
Bas. Is this little desperate fellow gon,
Doubtlesse he is a very tall fellow,
And yet it were a disgrace to all my chiualrie,
To combate one so base:
Ile send some Crane to combate with the Pigmew,
Not that I feare, but that I scorne to fight. *Exit* Bassil.

Enter Chorus.

Loue. *Fortune* thou madest *Fernando* finde the chaine,
But yet by *Loues* instruction he was taught,
To make a present of it to his mistris.
For. But *Fortune* would not let her keepe it long.
Loue. Nay rather *Loue*, by whose suggisted power,
Erastus vsde such dice, as being false,
Ran not by *Fortune*, but necessitie.
For. Meane time I brought *Fernando* on the way,
To see and chalenge what *Lucina* lost.
Death. And by that chalenge I abridge his life,
And forst *Erastus* into banishment,
Parting him from his loue, in spight of *Loue*.
Loue. But with my goulden winges ile follow him,
And giue him aide and succour in distresse.
For. And doubt not to, but *Fortune* will be there,
And crosse him too, and sometimes flatter him,
And lift him vp, and throw him downe againe.
Death. And heere and there in ambush *Death* will stand.

To mar, what *Loue* or *Fortune* takes in hand. *Exeunt.*

Enter Solyman *and* Bruſor, *with Ianiſaries.*

Soli. How long ſhall *Solyman* ſpend his time,
And waſte his dayes in fruitleſſe obſequies,
Perhaps my greefe and long continuall moane,
Ads but a trouble to my brothers ghoaſt:
Which but for me would now haue tooke their reſt,
Then farewell ſorrow, and now reuenge draw neere.
In controuerſie touching the Ile of Rhodes,
My brothers dyde, on Rhodes ile be reuengd,
Now tell me *Bruſor*, whats the newes at Rhodes?
Hath the yong prince of *Cipru* married
Cornelia, daughtet to the Gouernour.

Bru. He hath my Lord, with the greateſt pompe,
That ere I ſaw at ſuch a feſtiuall.

Soli. What greater then at our coronation?

Bru. Inferiour to that onely.

Soli. At tilt, who woone the honor of the day?

Bru. A worthy Knight of Rhodes, a matchleſſe man,
His name *Eraſtus*, not twentie yeares of age,
Not tall, but well proportioned in his lims,
I neuer ſaw, except your excellence,
A man whoſe preſence more delighted me,
And had he worſhipt Mahomet for Chriſt,
He might haue borne me through out all the world,
So well I loued and honoured the man.

Soli. Theſe praiſes *Bruſor* touch me to the heart,
And makes me wiſh that I had beene at Rhodes,
Vnder the habit of ſome errant knight,
Both to haue ſeene and tride his valour.

Bru. You ſhould haue ſeene him foile and ouerthrow,
All the Knights that there incountred him.

Soli. What ere he be, euen for his vertues ſake,
I wiſh that fortune of our holy wars,
Would yeeld him priſoner vnto *Soliman*:
That for retaining one ſo vertuous,

We

We may our ſelues be famd for vertues.
But let him paſſe, and *Bruſor* tell me now,
How did the Chriſtians vſe our Knights?
Bru. As if that we and they had beene on ſect.
Soli. What thinkſt thou of their valour and demeanor?
Bru. Braue men at armes, and friendly out of armes,
Courteous in peace, in battle dangerous,
Kinde to their foes, and liberall to their friends;
And all in all, their deedes heroicall.
Soli. Then tell me *Bruſor*, how is Rhodes fenſt,
For eyther Rhodes ſhall be braue *Solimans*,
Or coſt me more braue Souldiers
Then all that Ile will beare.
Bruſ. Their fleete is weake:
Their horſſe, I deeme them fiftie thouſand ſtrong,
Their footmen more, well exerciſed in war,
And as it ſeemes, they want no needfull vittaile.
Soli. How euer Rhodes be fenſt by ſea or land,
It eyther ſhall be mine, or burie me.

Enter Eraſtus.

Whats he that thus bouldly enters in.
His habite argues him a Chriſtian.
Eraſt. I worthy Lord a forlorne Chriſtian.
Soli. Tell me man what madnes brought thee hether?
Eraſt. Thy vertuous fame, and mine owne miſerie.
Soli What miſerie? ſpeake, for though you Chriſtians,
Account our Turkiſh race but barbarous,
Yet haue we eares to heare a iuſt complaint,
And iuſtice to defend the innocent,
And pitie to ſuch as are in pouertie,
And liberall hands to ſuch as merit bountie.
Bru. My gratious Soueraigne, as this Knight,
Seemes by greefe tyed to ſilence,
So his deſerts binds me to ſpeake for him.
This is *Eraſtus* the Rhodian worthie,
The flower of chiualrie and curteſie.
Soli. Is this the man that thou haſt ſo deſcribde?

Stand vp faire Knight, that what my heart desires,
Mine eyes may view with pleasure and delight,
This face of thine should harbour no deceit,
Erastus, ile not yet vrge to know the cause,
That brought thee hether,
Least with the discourse, thou shouldst afflict thy selfe,
And crosse the fulnes of my ioyfull passion,
But that we are assurde,
Heauens brought thee hether for our benefit,
Know thou that Rhodes, nor all that Rhodes containes,
Shall win thee from the side of *Soliman*,
If we but finde thee well inclinde to vs.

Erast. If any ignoble or dishonourable thoughts,
Shoud dare attempt, or but creepe neere my heart:
Honour should force disdaine to roote it out,
As ayre bred Eagles, if they once perceiue,
That any of their broode but close their sight,
When they should gase against the glorious Sunne,
They straight way sease vpon him with their talents,
That on the earth it may vntimely die,
For looking but a scue at heauens bright eye.

Soli. *Erastus*, to make thee well assurde,
How well thy speach and presents liketh vs,
Aske what thou wilt, it shall be granted thee.

Erast. Then this my gratious Lord is all I craue,
That being banisht from my natiue soile,
I may haue libertie to liue a Christian.

Soli. I that, or any thing thou shalt desire,
Thou shalt be Captaine of our Ianisaries,
And in our counsell shalt thou sit with vs,
And be great *Solimans* adopted friend,

Erast. The least of these surpasse my best desart,
Vnlesse true loyaltie may seeme desart.

Soli. *Erastus*, now thou hast obtaind thy boone,
Denie not *Soliman* this owne request:
A vertuous enuie pricks me with desire,
To trie thy valour, say art thou content?

Eraſt. I, if my ſoueraigue ſay content, I yeeld.
Sul. Then giue vs Swordes and Targers,
And now *Eraſtus* thinke thee mine enemy,
But euer after thy continuall friend,
And ſpare me not, for then thou wrongſt my honour.
Then they fight, and Eraſtus *ouercomes* Solyman.
Nay, nay *Eraſtus*, throw not downe thy weapons,
As if thy force did faile, it is enough
That thou haſt conquered *Soliman* by ſtrength,
By curteſie let *Soliman* conquer thee.
And now from armes, to counſell ſit thee downe,
Before thy comming I vowd to conquer Rhodes,
Say wilt thou be our Leiutenant there,
And further vs in manage of theſe wars?
Eraſt. My gracious Soueraigne, without preſumption,
If poore *Eraſtus* may once more intreate,
Let not great *Solimans* commaund,
To whoſe beheſt I vow obedience,
Inforce me ſheath my ſlaughtering blade,
In the deare bowels of my countrymen:
And were it not that *Soliman* hath ſworne,
My teares ſhould plead for pardon in that place:
I ſpeake not this to ſhrinke away for feare,
Or hide my head in time of dangerous ſtormes,
Imploy me elſe where in thy forraine wars,
Againſt the Perſians or the barbarous Moore,
Eraſtus will be formoſt in the battaile.
Soli. Why fauourſt thou thy countrymen ſo much,
By whoſe cruelty thou art exilde?
Eraſ. Tis not my countrey, but *Philippos* wrath,
It muſt be toulde, for *Ferdinados* death,
Whom I in honours cauſe haue reft of life.
Soly. Nor ſuffer this or that to trouble thee,
Thou ſhalt not need *Philippo* nor his Ile,
Nor ſhalt thou war againſt thy Countrymen,
I like thy vertue in refuſing it,
But that our oath may haue his currant courſe,

Bruſer

Bruſor, goe leuie men,
Prepare a fleete, to aſſault and conquer Rhodes,
Meane time *Eraſtus* and I will ſtriue,
By mutuall kindenes to excell each other.
Bruſor be gon, and ſee not *Soliman*.
Till thou haſt brought Rhodes in ſubiection. *Exit* Bruſor.
And now *Eraſtus* come and follow me.
Where thou ſhalt ſee what pleaſures and what ſports,
My minions and my Euenukes can deuiſe,
To driue away this melancholy moode. *Exit* Soliman.

Enter Piſton.

Piſt. Oh maiſter ſee where I am,
Eraſ. Say *Piſton* whats the newes at Rhodes?
Piſt. Colde and comfortles for you,
Will you haue them all at once?
Eraſtus. I.
Piſt. Why the Gouernour will hang you and he catch you.
Ferdinando is buried, your friends commend them to you,
Perſeda hath the chaine, and is like to dye for ſorrow.
Eraſt. I thats the griefe, that we are parted thus,
Come follow me and I will heare the reſt,
For now I muſt attend the Emperour. *Exeunt.*

Enter Perſeda, Lucina *and* Baſiliſco.

Per. Accurſed chaine, vnfortunate *Perſeda*,
Lu. Accurſed chaine, vnfortunate *Lucina*.
My friend is gone and I am deſolate.
Per. My friend is gone and I am deſolate,
Returne him backe faire ſtarres or let me dye.
Luci. Returne him backe faire heauens, or let me dye,
For what was he but comfort of my life?
Per. For what was he but comfort of my life?
But why was I ſo carefull of the Chaine.
Luci. But why was I ſo careleſſe of the Chaine,
Had I not loſt it, my friend had not been ſlaine.
Per. Had I not askt it, my friend had not departed,
His parting is my death.

Luci.

Luci. His deaths my liues departing,
And here my tongue dooth stay, with swolne hearts greefe.
Per. And here my swolne harts greef doth stay my tongue.
Bas. For whom weepe you?
Luci. Ah, for *Fernandos* dying.
Bas. For whom mourne you?
Per. Ah, for *Erastus* flying.
Bas. Why Lady is not *Basilisco* here?
Why Lady dooth not *Basilisco* liue?
Am not I worth both these for whom you mourne?
Then take each one halfe of me, and ceale to weepe,
Or if yon gladly would inioy me both,
Ile serue the one by day, the other by night.
And I will pay you both your sound delight.
Luci. Ah how vnpleasant is mirth to melancholy.
Per. My heart is full, I cannot laugh at follie.

Exeunt Ladies.

Bas. See, see, *Lucina* hates me like a Toade,
Because that when *Erastus* spake my name,
Her loue *Fernando* dyed at the same,
So dreadfull is our name to cowardice,
On the other side, *Perseda* takes it vnkindly,
That ere he went I brought not bound vnto her,
Erastus, that faint hearted run away:
Alasse how could I, for his man no sooner
Informd him, that I sought him vp and downe,
But he was gone in twinckling of an eye:
But I will after my delitious loue,
For well I wot, though she desemble thus,
And cloake affection with her modestie,
With loue of me her thoughts are ouer gone,
More then was *Phillis* with her *Demophon.* *Exit.*

Enter Philippo, *the Prince of* Cipris, *with other Souldiers.*

Phil. Braue prince of Cipris, and our sonne in law,
Now there is little time to stand and talke,
The Turkes haue past our Gallies and are landed,

You with some men at armes shall take the Tower,
I with the rest will downe vnto the straine:
If we be beaten backe weele come to you,
And here in spight of damned Turkes, weele gaine
A glorious death, or famous victorie.
Cyp. About it then. *Exeunt.*

Enter Brusor, *and his Souldiers.*

Bru. Drum sound a parle to the Citizens.

The Prince of Cipris on the Walles.

Cyp. What parle craues the Turkish at our hands?
Bru. We come with mightie *Solimans* commaund,
Monarch and mightie Emperour of the world,
From East to West, from South, to Septentrion,
If you resist, expect what warre affords,
Mischiefe, murther, bloud, and extremitie,
What wilt thou yeeld and trie our clemencie?
Say I, or no: for we are peremtorie.
Cyp. Your Lord vsurps in all that he possesseth,
And that great God which we do truly worship,
Shall strengthen vs against your insolence.
Bru. Now if you plead for mercie, tis too late:
Come fellow Souldiers, let vs to the breach,
Thats made already on the other side. *Exeunt* to the battel.

Phylippo *and* Ciptis *are both slaine.*

Enter Brusor, *with Souldiers, hauing* Guelpio, Iulio, *and* Basiliſco, *with* Perseda *and* Lucina *prisoners.*

Bru. Now Rhodes is yoakt, and stoopes to *Soliman*,
There lyes the Gouernour, and there his sonne:
Now let their soules tell sorrie tidings to their ancestors,
What millions of men oppresst with ruine and scath,
The Turkish armies did in Christendome,
What say these prisoners, will they turne Turke, or no?
Iulio. First *Iulio* will die ten thousand deaths.
Guel. And *Guelpio*, rather then denie his Christ.
Bru. Then stab the slaues, and send their soules to hell.

They stab Iulio *and* Guelpio.

Bas. I turne. I turne, oh saue my life, I turne.
Bru. Forbeare to hurt him: when we land in Turkie,
He shall be circumcised and haue his rites,
Bas. Thinke you I turne Turque,
For feare of seruile death thats but a sport,
I faith sir no:
Tis for *Perseda* whom I loue so well,
That I would follow her, though she went to hell.
Bru. Now for these Ladies: their liues priuiledge
Hangs on their beautie, they shall be preserued,
To be presented to great *Soliman*,
The greatest honor Fortune could affoord.
Perse. The most dishonour that could ere befall. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Loue. Now *Fortune*, what hast thou done in this later passage
For. I plaste *Erastus* in the fauour,
Of *Solyman* the Turkish Emperour.
Loue. Nay that was *Loue*, for I coucht my selfe,
In poore *Erastus* eyet, and with a looke
Oresprad with teares, bewitched *Solyman*,
Beside, I sat on valiant *Brusors* tongue,
To guide the praises of the herodian Knight.
Then in the Ladies passions, I showed my power,
And lastly *Loue* made *Basiliscos* tongne,
To countercheck his hart by turning Turke,
And saue his life, in spight of deaths despight.
Death. How chance it then, that *Loue* and *Fortunes* power,
Could neither saue *Philippo* nor his sonne,
Nor *Guelpio*, nor signior *Iulio*,
Nor rescue Rhodes from out the hands of *Death*.
For. Why *Brusors* victorie was *Fortunes* gift.
Death. But had I slept, his conquest had beene small.
Loue, Wherfore stay we, thers more behind which proues,
That though *Loue* winke, *Loue's* not starke blinde. *Exeunt.*

Enter Erastus *and* Piston.

Pist. Faith maister, me thinkes you are vnwise,

That you weare not the high Suger-loafe hat,
And the gilded gowne the Emperour gaue you.
Eraſt. Peace foole, a ſable weed fits diſcontent, Away, be-
Piſt. Ile go prouide your ſupper, (gon,
A ſhoulder of mutton, and neuer a Sallit. *Exit* Piſton.
Eraſt. I muſt confeſſe that *Solyman* is kinde,
Paſt all compare, and more then my deſart,
But what helps gay garments, when the minds oppreſt,
What pleaſeth the eye, when the ſence is altered,
My heart is ouerwhelmd with thouſand woes,
And melancholie leads my ſoule in triumphe,
No meruaile then if I haue little minde.
Of rich imbroderie, or coſtly ornaments,
Of honors titles, or of wealth, or gaine,
Of muſick, viands, or of dainty dames,
No, no, my hope full long agoe was loſt,
And Rhodes it ſelfe is loſt, or els deſtroyde,
If not deſtroide, yet bound and captiuate,
If captiuate, then forſt from holy faith:
If forſt from faith, for euer miſerable,
For what is miſery, but want of God,
And God is loſt, if faith be ouerthrowne.

Enter Soliman.

Soli. Why how now *Eraſtus*, alwaies in thy dumpes?
Still in black habite fitting funerall?
Cannot my loue perſwade thee from this moode,
Nor all my faire intreats and blandiſhments,
Wert thou my friend, thy minde would iumpe with mine,
For what are friends, but one minde in two bodies.
Perhaps thou doubts my friendſhips conſtancie,
Then dooſt thou wrong the meaſure of my loue,
Which hath no meaſure, and ſhall neuer end.
Come *Eraſtus* ſit thee downe by me,
And ile impart to thee our *Bruſors* newes,
Newes to our honour, and to thy content:
The Gouernour is ſlaine that ſought thy death.
Eraſt. A worthy man, though not *Eraſtus* friend.

Soli.

Soli. The Prince of Cipris to, is likewise slaine.
Erast. Faire blossome, likely to haue proued good fruite.
Soli. Rhodes is tak'en, and all the men are slaine.
Except some few that turne to Mahomet,
Erast. I there it is, now all my friends are slaine,
And faire *Perseda* murthred or deflowerd:
Ah gratious *Soliman* now show thy loue,
In not denying thy poore supplyant:
Suffer me not to stay here in thy presence,
But by my selfe lament me once for all,
Heere if I stay, I must suppresse my teares,
And teares suppresst will but increase my sorrow,
Soli. Go then, go spend thy mournings all at once,
That in thy presence *Soliman* may ioy. *Exit* Erastus.
For hetherto haue I reaped little pleasure:
Well well *Erastus*, Rhodes may blesse thy birth,
For his sake onely will I spare them more,
From spoile, pillage, and oppression,
Then *Alexander* spard warlike *Thebes*
For *Pindarus*: or then *Augustus*
Sparde rich *Alexandria* for *Arias* sake.

Enter Brusor, Perseda, *and* Lucina.

Bru. My gratious Lord, reioyce in happinesse:
All Rhodes is yoakt, and stoopes to *Soliman*.
Soli. First thanks to heauen, and next to *Brusors* valour,
Which ile not guerdon with large promises,
But straight reward thee with a bounteous largesse:
But what two Christian Virgins haue we here?
Bru. Part of the spoile of Rhodes, which were preserued
To be presented to your mightinesse.
Soli. This present pleaseth more then all the rest,
And were their garments turnd from black to white,
I should haue deemd them *Iunoes* goodly Swannes,
Or *Venus* milke white Doues, so milde they are,
And so adornd with beauties miracle.
Heere *Brusor* this kinde Turtle shall be thine,
Take her and vse her at thy pleasure:

But this kinde Turtle is for *Soliman*,
That her captiuitie may turne to bliſſe,
Faire lookes reſembling *Phœbus* radiant beames,
Smooth forhead, like the table of high *Ioue*,
Small penſild eye browes, like to glorious rainebowes,
Quick lampelike eyes, like heauens two brighteſt orbes,
Lips of pure Corall breathing ambroſie,
Cheekes, where the Roſe and Lillie are incombate,
Neck whiter then the Snowie Apennes,
Breſts like two ouerflowing Fountaines,
Twixt which a vale leads to the Eliſian ſhades,
Where vnder couert lyes the fount of pleaſure,
Which thoughts may geſſe, but tongue muſt not prophane,
A ſweeter creature nature neuer made,
Loue neuer tainted *Soliman* till now,
Now faire Virgin let me heare thee ſpeake.

Per. What can my tongue vtter, but greeſe and death,

Soli. The ſound is hunnie, but the ſence is gall:
Then ſweeting bleſſe me with a cheerefull looke.

Per. How can mine eyes dart foorth a pleaſant looke,
When they are ſtopt with flouds of flowing teares?

Soli. If tongue with griefe, and eyes with teares be fild,
Say Virgin, how dooth thy heart admit,
The pure affection of great *Soliman*?

Per. My thoughts are like pillers of Adamant,
Too hard to take an new impreſſion.

Soly. Nay then I ſee my ſtooping makes her proud,
She is my vaſſaile, and I will commaund,
Coye Virgin knoweſt thou what offence it is,
To thwart the will and pleaſure of a king?
Why thy life is doone, if I but ſay the word.

Per. Why thats the period that my heart deſires.

Soli. And die thou ſhalt, vnleſſe thou change thy minde.

Per. Nay then *Perſeda* growes reſolute,
Solimans thoughts and mine reſemble,
Liues paraliſe that neuer can be ioyned.

Soli. Then kneele thou downe,

And at my hands receiue the ſtroke of deate,
Domde to thy ſelfe by thine owne wilfulnes.
Per. Strike, ſtrike, thy words pearce deeper then thy blows
Soli Bruſor hide her, for her lookes withhold me,
Then Bruſor *hides her with a Lawne.*
O *Bruſor* thou haſt not hid her lippes,
For there ſits *Venus* with *Cupid* on her knee,
And all the Graces ſmiling round about her,
So crauing pardon that I cannot ſtrike.
Bru. Her face is couerd ouer quite me Lord.
Soli. Why, ſo.
O *Bruſor* ſeeſt thou not her milke white necke,
That Alab'after tower,
I will breake the edge of my keene Semitor,
And peeces flying backe will wound my ſelfe.
Bru. Now ſhe is all couered my Lord.
Soli. Why now at laſt ſhe dyes,
Per. O Chriſt receiue my ſoule.
Soli. Harke *Bruſor* ſhe cals on Chriſt.
I will not ſend her to him,
Her words are muſicke,
The ſelfe ſame muſicke that in auncient daies,
Brought *Alexander* from war to banqueting,
And made him fall from skirmiſhing to kiſſing.
No my deare, Loue would not let me kill thee,
Though Maieſty would turne deſire to wrath,
There lyes my ſword, humbled at thy feete,
And I my ſelfe that gouerne many kings,
Intreate a pardon for my raſh miſdeede.
Per. Now *Soliman* wrongs his imperiall ſtate,
But if thou loue me, and haue hope to win,
Graunt me one boone that I ſhall craue of thee,
Soli. What ere it be, *Perſeda* I graunt it thee,
Per. Then let me liue a Chriſtian Virgin ſtill,
Vnleſſe my ſtate ſhall alter by my will,
Soli. My word is paſt, and I recall my paſſions,
What ſhould he doe with crowne and Empery,

That

That cannot gouerne priuate fond affections,
Yet giue me leaue in honeſt ſort to court thee,
To eaſe, though not to cure, my maladie:
Come ſit thee downe vpon my right hand heere,
This ſeate I keep voide for another friend:
Goe Ganiſaries call in your Gouernour,
So ſhall I ioy betweene two captiue friends,
And yet my ſelfe be captiue to them both,
If friendſhips yoake were not at liberty:
See where he comes my other beſt beloued.

Enter Eraſtus.

Perſe. My ſweet and beſt beloued.
Eraſt. My ſweet and beſt beloued:
Per. For thee my deare *Eraſtus* haue I liued.
Eraſt, And I for thee or els I had not liued.
Soli. What words in affection doe I ſee?
Eraſt, Ah pardon me great *Soliman,* for this is ſhe,
For whome I mourned more then for all Rhodes,
And from whoſe abſence I deriued my ſorrow.
Per. And pardon me my Lord, for this is he,
For whom I thwarted *Solimans* intreates,
And for whoſe exile I lamented thus.
Eraſt. Euen from my childhood haue I tendered thee,
Witnes the heauens of my vnfeined loue.
Soli. By this one accident I well perceiue,
That heauens and heauenly powers do manage loue,
I loue them both, I know not which the better,
They loue each other beſt, what then ſhould follow,
But that I conquer both by my deſarts,
And ioyne their hands, whoſe hearts are knit already,
Eraſtus and *Perſeda* come you hether,
And both giue me your hands
Eraſtus, none but thou couldſt win *Perſeda,*
Perſeda, none but thou couldſt win *Eraſtus,*
From great *Soliman,* ſo well I loue you both:
And now to turne late promiſes to good effect,
Be thou *Eraſtus* Gouernour of Rhodes,

By

By this thou ſhalt diſmiſſe my gariſon.
Bruſ. Muſt he reape that for which I tooke the toile?
Come enuie then, and ſit in friendſhips ſeate,
How can I loue him that inioyes my right.
Soli. Giue me a crowne, to crowne the bride withall,
Then he crownes Perſeda.
Perſeda, for my ſake weare this crowne:
Now is ſhe fairer then ſhe was before,
This title ſo augments her beautie as the fire,
That lay with honours hand rackt vp in aſhes,
Reuies againe to flames, the force is ſuch,
Remooue the cauſe, and then the effect will die,
They muſt depart, or I ſhall not be quiet,
Eraſtus and *Perſeda*, meruaile not,
That all in haſt I wiſh you to depart,
There is an vrgent cauſe, but priuie to my ſelfe,
Commaund my ſhipping for to waſt you ouer.
Eraſt. My gratious Lord, whē *Eraſtus* doth forget this fauor,
Then let him liue abandond and forlorne.
Per. Nor will *Perſeda* ſlacke euen in her prayers.
But ſtill ſolicite God for *Soliman*,
Whoſe minde hath prooued ſo good and gratious. *Exeunt.*
Soli Farewell *Eraſtus*, *Perſeda* farewell to:
Me thinks I ſhould not part with two ſuch friends,
The one ſo renownd for armes and curteſie,
The other ſo adornd with grace and modeſtie:
Yet of the two *Perſeda* mooues me moſt,
I and ſo mooues me, that I now repent,
That ere I gaue away my hearts deſire,
What was it but abuſe of Fortunes gift,
And therefore Fortune now will be reuengde,
What was it but abuſe of Loues commaund,
And therefore mightie Loue will be reuengd:
What was it but abuſe of heauens that gaue her me,
And therefore angrie heauens will be reuengd:
Heauens, Loue, and Fortune, all three haue decreed,
That I ſhall loue her ſtill, and lack her ſtill,

Like euer thirſting wretched *Tantalus:*
Fooliſh *Solyman*, why did I ſtriue,
To do him kindnes, and vndoe my ſelfe?
Well gouernd friends do firſt regard themſelues.
Bru. Know occaſions ſerues to ſtumble him,
That thruſt his ſickle in my haruеſt come,
Pleaſeth your Maieſtie to heare *Bruſor* ſpeake.
Soli. To one paſt cure, good counſell comes too late,
Yet ſay thy minde.
Bru. With ſecret letters woe her, and with gifts.
Soli. My lines and gifts will but returne my ſhame.
Luci. Here me my Lord, let me go ouer to Rhodes,
That I may plead in your affections cauſe,
One woman may do much to win another.
Soli. Indeed *Lucina* were her husband from her,
Shee happely might be woone by thy perſwades,
But whilſt he liues there is no hope in her.
Bru. Why liues he then to greeue great *Soliman*,
This onely remaines, that you conſider,
In two extreames the leaſt is to be choſen,
If ſo your life depend vpon her loue,
And that her loue depends vpon his life,
Is it not better that *Eraſtus* die
Ten thouſand deaths, then *Soliman* ſhould periſh?
Soli. I ſaiſt thou ſo? why then it ſhall be ſo,
But by what meanes ſhall poore *Eraſtus* dye?
Bru. This ſhall be the meanes,
Ile fetch him backe againe,
Vnder coulour of great conſequence,
No ſooner ſhall he land vpon our ſhore,
But witnes ſhall be ready to accuſe him,
Of treaſon doone againſt your mightines,
And then he ſhall be doomd by marſhall law,
Soli. Oh fine deuiſe, *Bruſor* get thee gone,
Come thou againe, but let the Lady ſtay,
To win *Perſeda* to my will: meane while,
Will I prepare the iudge and witneſſes,

And

And if this take effect, thou shalt be Viceroy,
And faire *Lucina* Queene of *Tripolie*,
Brusor be gone, for till thou come I languish.

Exeunt Brusor *and* Lucina.

And now to ease my troubled thoughts at last,
I will go sit among my learned Euenukes,
And heere them play, and see my minions dance,
For till that *Brusor* bring me my desire,
I may asswage, but neuer quench loues fire. *Exit.*

Enter Basiliſco.

Basi. Since the expugnation of the Rhodian Ile,
Me thinkes a thousand yeares are ouerpast,
More for the lack of my *Persedas* presence,
Then for the losse of Rhodes that paltry Ile,
Or for my friends that there were murthered,
My valour euery where shall purchase friends,
And where a man liues well, there is his countrie.
Alas the Christians are but very shallow,
In giuing iudgement of a man at armes,
A man of my desert and excellence.
The Turkes whom they account for barbarous,
Hauing forehard of Basiliscoes worth,
A number vnder prop me with their shoulders,
And in procession bare me to the Church,
As I had beene a second Mahomet,
I fearing they would adore me for a God,
Wisely informd them that I was but man,
Although in time perhaps I might aspire,
To purchase Godhead, as did *Hercules*,
I meane by doing wonders in the world:
Amidst their Church they bound me to a piller,
And to make triall of my valiancie,
They lopt a collop of my tendrest member,
But thinke you *Basiliſco* squicht for that,
Euen as a Cowe for tickling in the horne,
That doone, they set me on a milke white Asse,
Compassing me with goodly ceremonies,

That day me thought, I sat in *Pompeyes* Chaire,
And viewd the Capitoll, and was Romes greateſt glorie.

Enter Piſton.

Piſt. I would my maiſter had left
Some other to be his agent here: –
Faith I am wearie of the office already.
What Seignioure *Tremomundo*,
That rid a pilgrimage to beg cakebread.

Baſi. O take me not vnprouided, let me fetch my weapons.

Piſt. Why I meant nothing but a *Baſolus manus*.

Baſ. No, didſt thou not meane to giue me the priue ſtab?

Piſt. No by my troth ſir.

Baſ. Nay if thou hadſt, I had not feard thee I,
I tell thee my skin holds out Piſtoll proofe

Piſ. Piſtoll proofe? ile trie if it will hold out pin proofe.

Then he pricks him with a pin.

Baſ. O ſhoote no more great God I yeeld to thee.

Piſt. I ſee his skin is but piſtol profe from the girdle vpward.
What ſuddaine agonie was that?

Baſ. Why ſawſt thou not, how *Cupid* God of loue,
Not daring looke me in the marſhall face,
Came like a coward ſtealing after me,
And with his pointed dart prickt my poſterios.

Piſt. Then here my opinion concerning that point,
The Ladies of Rhodes hearing that you haue loſt,
A capitoll part of your Lady ware,
Haue made their petition to Cupid,
To plague you aboue all other,
As one preiuditiall to their muliebritie,
Now ſir, *Cupid* ſeeing you already hurt before,
Thinkes it a greater puniſhment to hurt you behind,
Therefore I would wiſh you to haue an eye to the back dore.

Baſ. Sooth thou ſayeſt, I muſt be fenced behinde,
Ile hang my target there.

Piſt. Indeed that will ſerue to beare off ſome blowes,
When you run away in a fraye.

Baſ. Sirra, ſirra, what art thou?

That

That thus incrocheſt vpon my familiaritie,
Without ſpeciall admittance.

Piſt. Why do you not know me? I am *Eraſtus* man.

B ſ. What art thou that pettie pigmie,
That chalenged me at Rhodes;
Whom I refuſd to combat for his minoritie,
Where is *Eraſtus*, I owe him chaſtiſment in *Perſedas* quarrel.

Piſt. Do not you know that they are all friends,
And *Eraſtus* maryed to *Perſeda*,
And *Eraſtus* made gouernour of Rhodes,
And I left heere to be their agent?

Baſ. *O cœlum, O terra, O maria Neptune,*
Did I turne Turke to follow her ſo far.

Piſt. The more ſhame for you.

Baſ. And is ſhe linkt in liking with my foe?

Piſt. Thats becauſe you were out of the way.

Baſ. O wicked Turque for to ſteale her hence.

Piſt. O wicked turne coate that would haue her ſtay.

Baſi. The truth is, ile be a Turke no more,

Piſt. And I feare thou wilt neuer prooue good chriſtian.

Baſ. I will after to take reuenge.

Piſt. And ile ſtay heere about my maiſters buſines,

Baſ. Farewell Conſtantinople, I will to Rhodes. *Exit.*

Piſt. Farewell counterfeit foole,
God ſend him good ſhipping:
Tis noiſd about, that *Bruſor* is ſent,
To fetch my maiſter backe againe,
I cannot be well till I heare the reſt of the newes,
Therefore ile about it ſtraight. *Exit.*

Enter Chorus.

Loue. Now *Fortune* what haſt thou done in this latter act?

For. I brought *Perſeda* to the preſence,
Of *Solyman* the turkiſh Emperour,
And gaue *Lucina* into *Bruſors* hands.

Loue. And firſt I ſtung them with conſenting loue,
And made great *Soliman* ſweete beauties thrall,
Humble himſelfe at faire *Perſedas* feete,

And made him praise loue, and captiues beauties
Againe, I made him to recall his passions,
And giue *Perseda* to *Erastus* hands,
And after make repentance of the deed.
For. Meane time I fild *Erastus* sailes with winde,
And brought him home vnto his natiue land.
Death. And I suborned *Brusor* with enuious rage,
To counsell *Soliman* to slay his friend,
Brusor is sent to fetch him back againe,
Marke well what followes, for the historie
Prooues me cheefe actor in this tragedie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Erastus *and* Perseda.

Erast. *Perseda*, these dayes are our dayes of ioy,
What could I more desire then thee to wife,
And that I haue: or then to gouerne Rhodes,
And that I doe, thankes to great *Soliman*.
Per. And thanks to gratious heauens, that so
Brought *Soliman* from worse to better,
For though I neuer tould it thee till now,
His heart was purposd once to do thee wrong.
Erast. I that was before he knew thee to be mine,
But now *Perseda*, lets forget ould greefes,
And let our studies wholy be imploid,
To worke each others blisse and hearts delight.
Per. Our present ioyes will be so much the greater,
When as we call to minde forepassed greefes,
So singes the Mariner vpon the shore,
When he hath past the dangerous time of stormes:
But if my Loue will haue olde greefes forgot,
They shall lye buried in *Persedas* brest.

Enter Brusor *and* Lucina.

Erast. Welcome Lord *Brusor*.
Per. And *Lucina* to.
Bru. Thankes Lord Gouernour.
Luci. And thankes to you Madame.

Erast.

Eraſt. What haſty newes brings you ſo ſoone to Rhodes?
Although to me you neuer come to ſoone.
Bru. So it is my Lord, that vpon great affaires,
Importuning health and wealth of *Soliman.*
His highnes by me intreateth you,
As euer you reſpect his future loue,
Or haue regard vnto his curteſie,
To come your ſelfe in perſon and viſit him,
Without inquiry what ſhould be the cauſe.
Eraſt. Were there no ſhips to croſſe the Seas withall,
My armes ſhould frame mine oares to croſſe the ſeas,
And ſhould the ſeas turne tide to force me backe,
Deſire ſhould frame me wings to fly to him,
I goe *Perſeda* thou muſt giue me leaue.
Per. Though loath, yet *Solimans* commaund preuailes.
Luci. And ſweet *Perſeda* I will ſtay with you,
From *Bruſor* my beloued, and Ile want him,
Till he bring backe *Eraſtus* vnto you,
Eraſ. Lord *Bruſor* come tis time that we were gon.
Bru. *Perſeda* farewell, be not angry,
For that I carry thy beloued from thee,
We will returne with all ſpeed poſſible,
And thou *Lucina*, vſe *Perſeda* ſo,
That for my carrying of *Eraſtus* hence,
She curſe me not, and ſo farewell to both.
Per. Come *Lucina* lets in, my heart is full. *Exeunt.*

Enter Soliman, Lord marſhall, the two witneſſes *and* Ianiſaries.

Soli. Lord marſhall, ſee you handle it cunningly.
And when *Eraſtus* comes our periurd friend,
See he be condemd by marſhall law,
Heere will I ſtand to ſee and not be ſeene.
Marſhal. Come fellowes ſee when this matter comes in (queſtion
You ſtagger not: and Ianiſaries,
See that your ſtrangling cords be ready.
Soli. Ah that *Perſeda* were not halfe ſo faire,

Or that *Soliman* were not ſo fond,
Or that *Perſeda* had ſome other loue,
Whoſe death might ſaue my poore *Eraſtus* life.
Enter Bruſor *and* Eraſtus.
See where he comes, whome though I deerely loue,
Yet muſt his bloud be ſpilt for my behooſe,
Such is the force of morrow burning loue.
Mar. *Eraſtus*, Lord Gouernour of Rhodes,
I arreſt you in the Kings name.
Eraſt. What thinkes Lord *Bruſor* of this ſtrange arreſt,
Haſt thou intrapt me to this trechery:
Intended well I wot without the leaue
Or licenſe of my Lord great *Soliman*,
Bru. Why then appeale to him, where thou ſhalt know,
And be aſſured that I betray thee not.
Soli. Yes, thou, and I, and all of vs betray him.
Mar. No, no, in this caſe no appeale ſhall ſerue.
Eraſt. Why then to thee, or vnto any elſe,
I heere proteſt by heauens vnto you all,
That neuer was there man more true or iuſt,
Or in his deedes more loyall and vpright,
Or more louing, or more innocent,
Than I haue been to gracious *Soliman*,
Since firſt I ſet my feete on Turkiſh land.
Sol. My ſelfe would be his witneſſe if I durſt,
But bright *Perſedas* beauty ſtops my tongue.
Mar. Why ſirs, why face to face expreſſe you not,
The treaſons you reueald to *Soliman*?
Witneſſes. That very day *Eraſtus* went from hence,
He ſent for me into his Cabinet,
And for that man that is of my profeſſion.
Eraſt. I neuer ſaw them I vntill this day.
Witneſſes. His Cabine doore faſt ſhut, he firſt began
To queſtion vs of all ſorts of fire-workes,
Wherein, when we had fully reſolued him,
What might be done, he ſpreding on the boord,
A huge heape of our imperiall coyne,

All

All this is yours quoth he, if you consent,
To leaue great *Soliman* and serue in Rhodes.
Mar. Why that was treason, but onward with the rest.

Enter Piston.

Pist. What haue we heere, my Master before the Marshall?
Wit. We said not I, nor durst we say him nay,
Because we were alreadie in his Gallies,
But seemd content to flie with him to Rhodes,
With that he purst the golde, and gaue it vs,
The rest I dare not speake it is so bad. (them?
Erast. Heauens heare you this, and drops not vengeance on
The other wit. The rest, and worse, will I discourse in briefe,
Will you consent quoth he to fire the fleete,
That lyes hard by vs heere in *Bosphoron*,
For be it spoke in secret heere quoth he,
Rhodes must no longer beare the turkish yoake,
We said the taske might easilie be performd,
But that we lackt such drugs to mixe with powder,
As were not in his gallies to be got,
At this he leapt for ioy, swearing and promising,
That our reward should be redoubled:
We came aland not minding to returne,
And as our duety and allegeance bound vs,
We made all knowne vnto great *Soliman*,
But ere we could summon him a land,
His ships were past a kenning from the shoare,
Belike he thought we had bewraid his treasons.
Mar. That all is true that heere you haue declard,
Both lay your hands vpon the Alcaron.
1 Wit. Foule death betide me if I sweare not true.
2. Wit. And mischiefe light on me, if I sweare false
Sol. mischiefe and death shall light vpon you both.
Mar. Erastus thou seest what witnes hath produced against thee,
What answerest thou vnto their accusation?
Erast. That these are Synons and my selfe poore Troy.
Mar. Now it resteth I appoint thy death,
Wherein thou shalt confesse He fauour thee,

For that thou wert beloued of *Soliman*,
Thou ſhalt foorthwith be bound vnto that poſt,
And ſtrangled as our turkiſh orderis.
Piſt. Such fauour ſend all turkes I pray God.
Eraſt. I ſee this traine was plotted ere I came,
What bootes complaining wheres no remedy:
Yet giue me leaue before my life ſhall end,
To moane *Perſeda*, and accuſe my friend.
Soli. O vniuſt *Soliman*, O wicked time,
Where filthie luſt muſt murther honeſt loue.
Marſh. Diſpatch, for our time limited is paſt.
Eraſt. Alas, how can he but be ſhort, whoſe tongue
Is faſt tide with galling ſorrow,
Farewell *Perſeda*, no more but that for her:
Inconſtant *Soliman*. no more but that for him,
Vnfortunate *Eraſtus*, no more but that for me:
Loe this is all, & thus I leaue to ſpeake. *Then they ſtrangle him.*
Piſt. Marie ſir this is a faire warning for me to get me gon.
Exit Piſton.
Soli. O ſaue his life, if it be poſſible,
I will not looſe him for my kingdomes worth,
Ah poore *Eraſtus* art thou dead already,
What bould preſumer durſt be ſo reſolued.
For to bereaue *Eraſtus* life from him,
Whoſe life to me was dearer then mine owne,
Waſt thou and thou, Lord marſhall bring them hether,
And at *Eraſtus* hand let them receiue,
The ſtroke of death, whom they haue ſpoild of life,
VVhat is thy hand to weake? then mine ſhall helpe,
To ſend them downe to euerlaſting night,
To waite vpon thee through eternall ſhade,
Thy ſoule ſhall not go mourning hence alone:
Thus die, and thus, for thus you murtherd him,
Then he kils the two Ianiſaries, that kild Eraſtus.
Fut ſoft me thinkes he is not ſatiſfied,
The breath dooth murmure ſoft'ly from his lips,
And bids me kill thoſe bloudie witneſſes,

By whose treacherie *Erastus* dyed:
Lord Marshall, hale them to the towers top,
And thaow them headlong downe into the valley,
So let their treasons with their liues haue end.
1. Witn. Your selfe procured vs. *2. Wit.* Is this our hier?
Then the Marshall beares them to the tower top.
Soli. Speake not a word, least in my wrathfull furie,
I doome you to ten thousand direfull torments:
And *Brusor* see *Erastus* be interd,
With honour in a kingly sepulcher,
Why when Lord marshall? great *Hectors* sonne,
Although his age did plead for innocence:
Was sooner tumbled from the fatall tower,
Then are those periurde wicked witnesses.
Then they are both tumbled downe.
Why now *Erastus* Ghost is satisfied:
I, but yet the wicked Iudge suruiues,
By whom *Erastus* was condemnd to die,
Brusor, as thou loues me stab in the marshall,
Least he detect vs vnto the world,
By making knowne our bloudy practises,
And then will thou and I hoist saile to Rhodes,
Where thy *Lucina* and my *Perseda* liues,
Bru. I wil my lord: lord Marshal, it is his highnes pleasure
That you commend him to *Erastus* soule.
Then he kils the Marshall.
Soli. Heere ends my deere *Erastus* tragedie,
And now begins my pleasant Comedie,
But if *Perseda* vnderstand these newes,
Our seane will prooue but tragicomicall.
Bru. Feare not my Lord, *Lucina* plaies her part,
And wooes apace in *Solymans* behalfe.
Soli. Then *Brusor* come, and with some few men,
Lets saile to Rhodes with all conuenient speede,
For till I fould *Perseda* in mine armes,
My troubled eares are deft with loues alarmes. *Exeunt.*
Enter Perseda, Lucina, *and* Basiliſco.

Per. Now signior B*asiliſco*, which like you,
The Turkiſh or our nation beſt?
Baſi. That which your ladiſhip will haue me like,
Luci. I am deceiued but you were circumciſed,
Baſi. Indeed I was a little cut in the porpuſe.
Per. What meanes made you to ſteale back to Rhodes?
Baſi. The mightie pinckanyed brand bearing God.
To whom I am ſo long true ſeruitour,
When he eſpyde my weeping flouds of teares,
For your depart, he bad me follow him:
I followed him, he with his fier brand,
Parted the ſeas, and we came ouer drie-ſhod.
Luci. A matter not vnlikely: but how chance,
Your turkiſh bonet is not on your head?
Baſi. Becauſe I now am Chriſtian againe,
And that by naturall meanes, for as
The old Cannon ſaies very pretily,
Nihill eſt tam naturali, quod eo modo colligatum eſt.
And ſo foorth: ſo I became a Turke to follow her,
To follow her, am now returnd a Chriſtian.

Enter Piſton.

Piſt. O Lady and miſtris, weepe and lament,
And wring your hands, for my maiſter
Is condemnd and executed.
Luci. Be patient ſweete *Perſeda*, the foole but ieſts.
Per. Ah no, wy nightly dreames foretould me this,
Which fooliſh woman fondly I neglected,
But ſay, what death dyed my poore *Eraſtus*?
Piſt. Nay, God be praiſd, his death was reaſonable,
He was but ſtrangled.
Per. But ſtrangled, ah double death to me:
But ſay, wherefore was he condemnd to die?
Piſt. For nothing but high treaſon.
Per. What treaſon, or by whom was he condemnd?
Piſt. Faith two great knights of the poſt, ſwore vpon the Alcaron, thet he would haue firde the Turkes Fleete,
Per. Was *Bruſer* by?

Piſton.

Piston. I.

Perse. And *Soliman*?

Pist. No, but I saw where he stood,
To heere and see the matter well conuaid.

Per. Accursed *Soliman*, prophane Alcaron:
Lucina, came thy husband to this end?
To leade a lambe vnto the slaughter-house,
Hast thou for this in *Solimans* behalfe?
With cunning words tempted my chastitie?
Thou shalt abie for both your trecheries,
It must be so, *Basilisco* dooest thou loue me, speake.

Basi. I more then I loue either life or soule,
What shall I stab the Emperour for thy sake.

Per. No, but *Lucina*, if thou loueſt me kill her.

Then Basiliſco *takes a dagger & feeles vpon the point of it.*

Basi. The point will marre her skin.

Per. What dareſt thou not, giue me the dagger then,
Theres a reward for all thy treasons past,

Then Perseda *kils* Lucina.

Basi. Yet dare I beare her hence, to do thee good:

Per. No let her lye, a prey to rauening birds:
Nor shall her death alone suffice for his,
Rhodes now shall be no longer *Solymans*,
Weele fortifie our walles, and keepe the towne,
In spight of proud insulting *Soliman*,
I know the letcher hopes to haue my loue,
And first *Perseda* shall with this hand die,
Then yeeld to him, and liue in infamie. *Exennt.*

Manet Basiliſco.

Basi. I will ruminate. Death which the Poets
Faine to be pale and meager:
Hath depriued *Erastus* trunke from breathing vitalitie,
A braue Cauelere, but my approoued foeman.
Let me see: where is that *Alcides*, surnamed *Hercules*,
The onely Club man of his time? dead.
Where is the eldest sonne of *Pryam*?
That abraham-couloured Troion: dead.

VVhere is the leader of the Mirmidons,
That well knit *Accill* : dead.
VVhere is that furious *Aiax*, the ſonne of *Telamon*:
Or that fraudfull ſquire of *Ithaca*, iclipt *Vliſſes* ? dead.
Where is tipſie *Alexander*, that great cupcon querour,
Or *Pompey* that braue warriour ? dead :
I am my ſelfe ſtrong, but I confeſſe death to be ſtronger,
I am valiant, but mortall,
I am adorned with natures gifts,
A giddie goddeſſe, that now giueth and anon taketh,
I am wiſe, but quiddits will not anſwer death :
To conclude in a word, to be captious, vertuous, ingenious,
Or to be nothing when it pleaſeth death to be enuious.
The great Turque, whoſe ſeat is Conſtantinople,
Hath beleagred Rhodes, whoſe chieftaine is a woman.
I could take the rule vpon me,
But the ſhrub is ſafe when the Cedar ſhaketh :
I loue *Perſeda* as one worthie,
But I loue *Baſiliſco* as one I hould more worthy.
My fathers ſonne, my mothers ſolace, my proper ſelfe.
Faith he can doe little that cannot ſpeake,
And he can do leſſe that cannot runne away:
Then ſith mans life is as a glaſſe, and a phillip may cracke it,
Mine is no more, and a bullet may pearce it :
Therefore I will play leaſt in ſight. *Exit.*

Enter Soliman, Bruſor, *with Ianiſaries.*

Soli. The gates are ſhut, which prooues that Rhodes reuolts,
And that *Perſeda* is not *Solimans* :
Ah *Bruſor* ſee where thy *Lucina* lyes,
Butcherd diſpightfully without the walles.

Bru. Vnkinde *Perſeda*, couldſt thou vſe her ſo ?
And yet we vſd *Perſeda* little better.

Soli. Nay gentle *Bruſor* ſtay thy teares a while,
Leaſt with thy woes thou ſpoile my commedie,
And all too ſoone be turnd to Tragedies.
Go *Bruſor*, beare her to thy priuate tent,
Where we at leaſure will lament her death,

And with her teares bewaile her obſequies:
For yet *Perſeda* liues for *Soliman*,
Drum ſound a patle, were it not for her,
I would ſacke the towne ere I would ſound a parle.

The Drum ſoundes a parle.

Perſeda *comes vpon the Walles in mans apparell*
Baſiliſco *and* Piſton, *vpon the Walles.*

Per. At whoſe intreatie is this parle ſounded?
Soli. At our intreatie, therefore yeeld the towne.
Per. Why what art thou that boldlie bids vs yeeld?
Soli. Great *Soliman*, Lord of all the world.
Per. Thou art not Lord of all, Rhodes is not thine,
Soli It was, and ſhall be maugre who ſaies no.
Per. I that ſay no will neuer ſee it thine.
Soli. Why what art thou that dares reſiſt my force.
Per, A Gentleman and thy mortall enemie,
And one that dares thee to the ſingle combate.
Soli. Firſt tell me doth *Perſeda* liue or no?
Per. She liues to ſee the wrack of *Soliman*.
Soli. Then Ile combate thee what ere thou art.
Perſe. And in *Eraſtus* name Ile combate thee,
And heere I promiſe thee on my Chriſtian faith,
Then will I yeeld *Perſeda* to thy hands,
That if thy ſtrength ſhall ouer match my right,
To vſe, as to thy liking it ſhall ſeeme beſt,
But ere I come to enter ſingle fight,
Firſt let my tongue vtter my hearts diſpight,
And thus my tale begins: thou wicked tirant,
Thou murtherer, accurſed Homicide,
For whome hell gapes, and all the vgly feindes,
Doe waite for to receiue thee in their iawes,
Ah periur'd and inhumaine Soliman,
How could thy heart harbour a wicked thought?
Againſt the ſpotleſſe life of poore *Eraſtus*?
Was he not true? would thou hadſt been as iuſt.
Was he not valiant? would thou hadſt been as vertuous,
Was he not loyall? would thou hadſt been as louing,

Ah wicked tirant in that one mans death,
Thou haſt betraide the flower of Chriſtendome,
Dyed he becauſe his worth obſcured thine?
In ſlaughtering him thy vertues are defamed,
Didſt thou miſdoe him, in hope to win *Perſeda*?
Ah fooliſh man, therein thou art deceiued,
For though ſhe liue, yet will ſhe nere liue thine,
Which to approoue, Ile come to combate thee.

Sol. Iniurious foule mouth'd Knight, my wrathfull arme
Shall chaſtice and rebuke theſe iniuries.

Then Perſeda *comes downe to* Soliman, *and*
Baſiliſco *and* Piſton.

Piſt. I but heare you, are you ſo fooliſh to fight with him?

Baſ. I ſirra, why not, as long as I ſtand by?

Soli. Ile not defend *Eraſtus* innocence,
But thee in maintaining *Perſedas* beautie,

Then they fight, Soliman *kils* Perſeda.

Per. I now I lay *Perſeda* at thy feete,
But wih thy hand firſt wounded to the death,
Now ſhall the world report that *Soliman*,
Slew *Eraſtus* in hope to win *Perſeda*,
And murdred her for louing of her husband.

Soli. What my *Perſeda*, all that haue I done,
Yet kiſſe me gentle loue before thou die,

Per. A kiſſe I graunt thee though I hate thee deadlie,

Soli. I loued thee dearelie and accept thy kiſſe,
Why didſt thou loue *Eraſtus* more then me,
Or why didſt thou not giue *Soliman* a kiſſe
Ere this vnhappy time, then hadſt thou liued:

Baſ. Ah let me kiſſe thee to before I dye.

Then Soliman *kils* Baſiliſco.

Soli. Nay die thou ſhalt for thy preſumption,
For kiſſing her whome I doe hold ſo deare.

Piſt. I will not kiſſe her ſir, but giue me leaue
To weepe ouer her, for while ſhe liued,
She loued me dearely, and I loued her.

Soli. If thou didſt loue her villaine as thou ſaidſt,

Then

Then wait on her thorough eternall night.

Then Soliman *kils* Piſton.

Ah *Perſeda*, how ſhall I mourne for thee?
Faire ſpringing Roſe, ill pluckt before thy time.
Ah heauens that hitherto haue ſmilde on me,
Why doe you vnkindly lowre on *Solyman*?
The loſſe of halfe my Realmes, nay crownes decay,
Could not haue prickt ſo neere vnto my heart,
As doth the loſſe of my *Perſedaes* life:
And with her life, I likewiſe looſe my loue,
And with her loue my hearts felicitie,
Euen for *Eraſtus* death, the heauens haue plagued me.
Ah no the heauens did neuer more accurſe me,
Then when they made me Butcher, of my loue,
Yet iuſtly how can I condemne my ſelfe,
When *Bruſor* liues, that was the cauſe of all.
Come *Bruſor*, helpe to lift her body vp,
Is ſhe not faire?

Bru. Euen in the houre of death.

Soli. Was ſhe not conſtant?

Bru. As firme as are the poles whereon heauen lyes.

Soli. Was ſhe not chaſte?

Bru. As is *Pandora* or *Dianaes* thoughts.

Soli. Then tell me (his treaſons ſet aſide)
What was *Eraſtus* in thy opinion?

Bru. Faire ſpoken, wiſe, courteous, and liberall:
Kinde, euen to his foes, gentle and affable,
And all, in all, his deeds heroyacall.

Soli. Ah, was he ſo: how durſt thou then vngratious counſeller,
Firſt cauſe me murther ſuch a worthy man,
And after tempt ſo vertuous a woman,
Be this therefore the laſt that ere thou ſpeake:
Ianiſaries, take him ſtraight vnto the block,
Off with his head, and ſuffer him not to ſpeake.

Exit Bruſor.

And now *Perſeda*, heere I lay me downe,
And on thy beautie ſtill contemplate,

Vntill mine eyes ſhall ſurfet by my gaſing:
But ſtay let me ſee what paper is this.

Then he takes vp a paper, and reedes in it as followeth.

Tyrant my lips were ſawſt with deadly poyſon,
To plague thy hart that is ſo full of poyſon.

What am I poiſoned? then Ianiſaries,
Let me ſee Rhodes recouered ere I die,
Souldiers, aſſault the towne on euery ſide,
Spoile all, kill all, let none eſcape your furie,

Sound an alarum to the fight.

Say Captaine, is Rhodes recouered againe.

Capt. It is my Lord, and ſtoopes to *Soliman*:

Sol. Yet that alayes the furie of my paine,
Before I die, for doubtleſſe die I muſt,
I, fates, iniurious fates, haue ſo decreed,
For now I feele the poyſon gins to worke,
And I am weake euen to the very death,
Yet ſomething more contentedly I dye,
For that my death was wrought by her deuiſe,
Who liuing was my ioy, whoſe death my woe.
Ah Ianiſaries now dyes your Emperour,
Before his age hath ſeene his mellowed yeares,
And if you euer loued your Emperour,
Affright me not with ſorrowes and laments,
And when my ſoule from body ſhall depart,
Trouble me not, but let me paſſe in peace,
And in your ſilence let your loue be ſhowne:
My laſt requeſt for I command no more,
Is that my body, with *Perſeda* be,
Interd, where my *Eraſtus* lyes intombd,
And let one Epitaph containe vs all:
Ah now I feele the paper tould me true,
The poiſon is diſperſt through euere vaine,
And boyles like Etna in my frying guts,
Forgiue me deere *Eraſtus* my vnkindnes:

I haue reuengd thy deaths with many deaths,
And ſweete *Perſeda* flie not *Soliman*,
When as my gliding ghoſt ſhall follow thee,
With eager moode, thorow eternall night:
And now pale Death ſits on my panting ſoule,
And with reuenging ire dooth tyranniſe.
And ſayes for *Solimans* too much amiſſe,
This day ſhall be the peryod of my bliſſe. *Exeunt.*

Then Soliman *dyes, and they carry him forth with ſilence.*

Enter Chorus.

Fortune. I gaue *Eraſtus* woe and miſerie,
Amidſt his greateſt ioy and iollitie.
Loue. But I that haue power in earth and heauen aboue,
Stung them both with neuer failing loue,
Death. But I bereft them both of loue and life.
Loue. Of life, but not of loue, for euen in death,
Their ſoules are knit, though bodyes be diſioynd,
Thou didſt but wound their fleſh, their minds are free,
Their bodies buried yet they honour me.
Death. Hence fooliſh *Fortune*, and thou wanton *Loue*,
Your deeds are trifles, mine of conſequence.
For. I giue worlds happines, and woes increaſe.
Loue. By ioyning perſons, I increaſe the world.
Death. By waſting all, I conquer all the world,
And now to end our difference at laſt,
In this laſt act, note but the deedes of Death,
VVhere is *Eraſtus* now but in my triumph?
Where are the murtherers but in my triumph?
Wheres Iudge and witneſſe but in my triumph?
Wheres falſe *Lucina* but in my triumph?
Wheres faire *Perſeda* but in my triumph?
Wheres *Baſiliſco* but in my triumph?
VVheres faithfull *Piſton* but in my triumph?
VVheres valiant *Bruſor* but in my triumph?
And wheres great *Soiman* but in my triumph?
Their loues and fortune ended with their liues,

And they muſt waite vpon the Carre of Death:
Packe *Loue* and *Fortune*, play in Commedies,
For powerfull Death beſt fitteth Tragedies.

Loue. I go, yet *Loue* ſhall neuer yeeld to *Death*.

Exit Loue.

Death. But *Fortune* ſhall, for when I waſte the world,
Then times and kingdomes *Fortunes* ſhall decay.

For. Meane time will *Fortune* gouerne as ſhe may.

Exit Fortune.

Death. I, now will *Death* in his moſt haughtie pride,
Fetch his imperiall Carre from deepeſt hell.
And ride in triumph through the wicked world,
Sparing none but ſacred *Cynthias* friend,
VVhom *Death* did feare before her life began,
For holy fates haue grauen it in their tables,
That *Death* ſhall die, if he attempt her end,
Whoſe life is heauens delight and *Cynthias* friend.

FINIS.

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